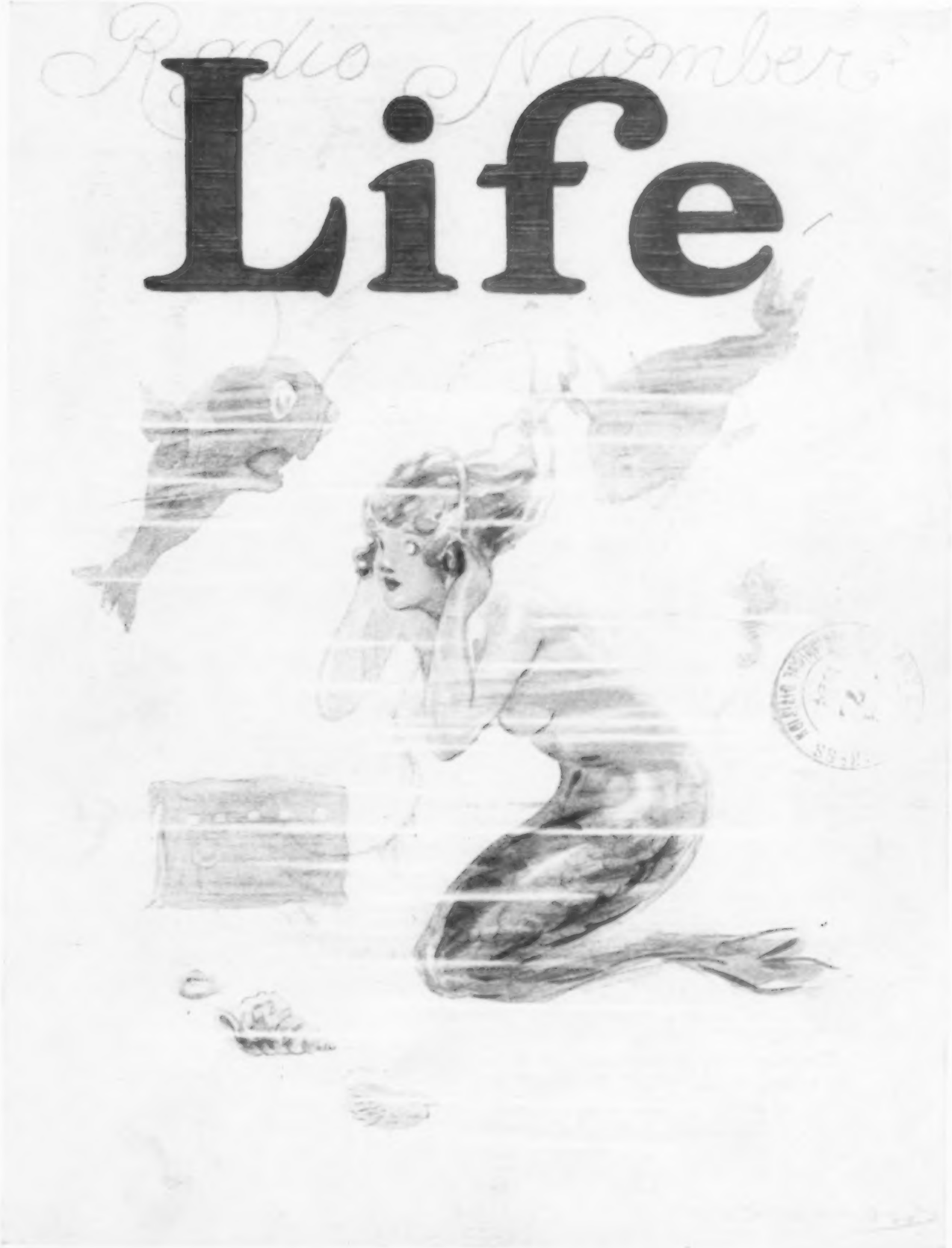
FEBRUARY 7, 1924 PRICE 15 CENTS

Radio Number

Life



Broadcast Upon the Waters

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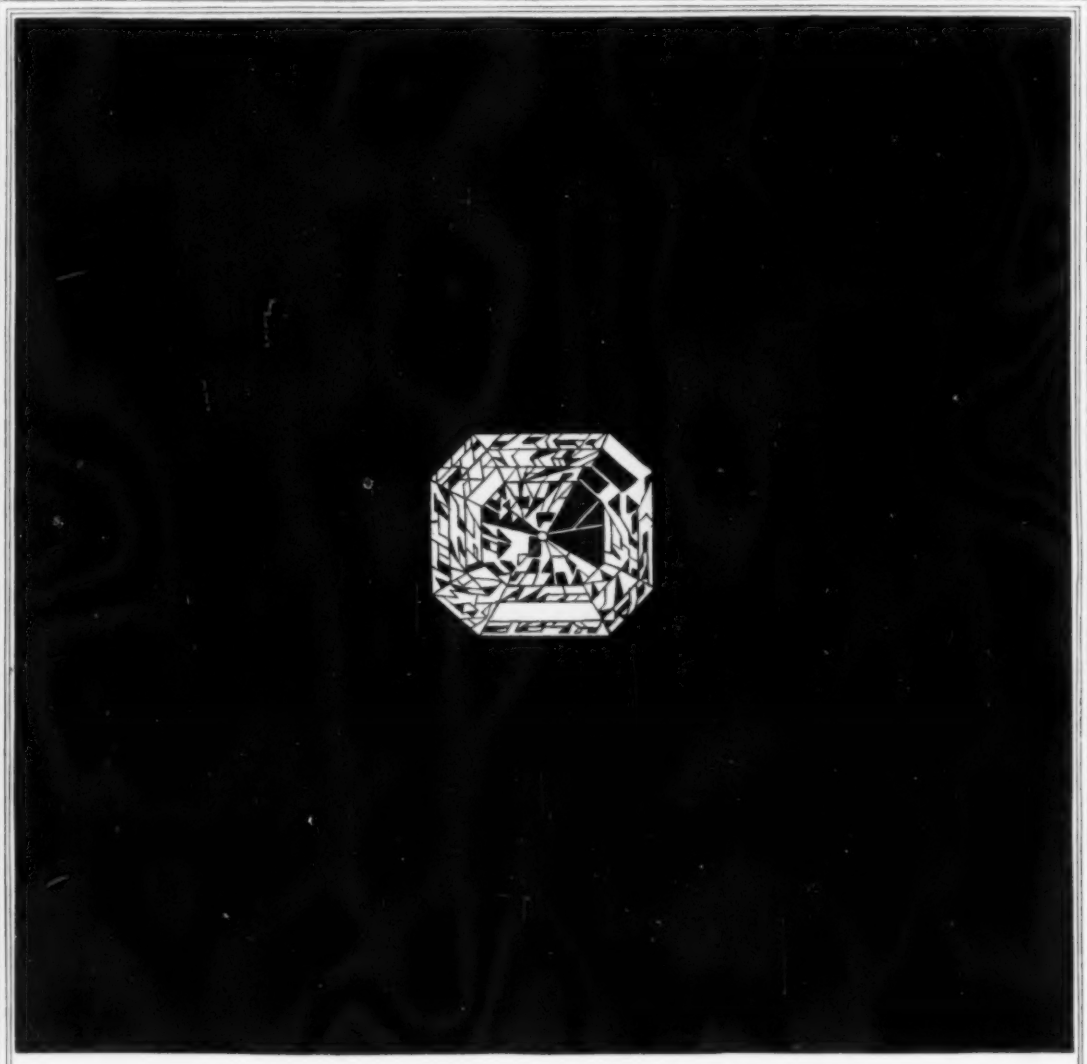


THE LARGEST *BLUE DIAMOND* IN THE WORLD

Most of the world's historic diamonds are now part of the crown jewels of what is left of European monarchies. The Orloff is Russia's. The Koh-i-noor belongs to England, as also the Cullinan, which was presented to the late King Edward by the Transvaal. The Florentine is owned by Austria. The King of Portugal's diamond is called the Braganza, and popular tradition ascribes to it a value of a billion dollars, but no one is ever allowed to see it. The Great Mogul, the famous East Indian diamond, has entirely disappeared.

Behind each of these famous stones and others that could be mentioned, is a long trail of romance and adventure.

Another historic jewel is the Black Starr and Frost diamond. It is a blue diamond, of a particular intensity of color, and weighs 127 carats—larger than the Koh-i-noor. More than that it is the largest blue diamond ever discovered, it is absolutely perfect in every way, and is the largest diamond of any kind which is offered for sale. Size $1\frac{3}{32}$" *by* $1\frac{5}{32}$", *price* $300,000.

BLACK·STARR & FROST
JEWELERS

FIFTH AVENUE · CORNER FORTY-EIGHTH STREET · NEW YORK

114th YEAR

Radiotics

I THINK I'll try a little jazz
From WHAZ;
Some op'ra next, as a relief,
From WEAF;
And then a choice stock-market tip
From WIP,
Perhaps a tenor song or two
From WOO.
A bedtime tale from WGY—that's not bad....
Not bad? Great Scott! What *was* that noise I had?
Confound this interference.... *"Cotton sold*
At Buenos—" "Silver threads ah-mong thah gold"...
I never heard such awful din before,
It sounds like—just what General Sherman swore,
It must be WOR.

H. W. H.

The Unwritten Law

THE assault, to all appearances, had been unprovoked. The victim, an affable little man, was of the sort incapable of making enemies. And yet, on the night in question, he had been most brutally assailed, he knew not by whom, and left unconscious upon the pavement near his home.

What made the case so baffling to the police was the fact that he had not been robbed. His watch, his modest roll were still on him. For sheer diabolic frenzy the attack could be matched only by those of Mr. Hyde.

It would have been docketed with the unsolved mysteries had not a richly dressed man motored to police headquarters and given himself up. He made, as police reporters say, a full confession.

"Deal with me as you will," he said. "I deserve it. But at the time I struck him down—with this loaded ebony cane—the provocation was too great, God help me, to resist. He is my wife's brother, a poor little runt with a mechanical bent. And, damn him!—"

Here the confessor's teeth were suddenly clinched in a return of the paroxysm in which his crime had been committed.

"Damn him, he made a little radio set for four dollars and a dishpan that would hook up to programs which I couldn't get on my guaranteed outfit that cost three hundred and fifty bucks, not including the aërial. His only aërial was a bedpost, a common enamel one at that. And—and he taunted me!"

A soblike murmur of sympathy, a rare visitor there, had swept through police headquarters....

Little remains to be told. The ultimate outcome was a suspended sentence and a silent handclasp from the court.

A. H. F.

A perfect base for face powder. Apply a little cream. When nearly dry dust on the powder.

Copyright 1923 A. S. Hinds Co.

Now for his Face! Let's give him Mama's Complexion Cream

COLD winds injure a delicate, tender complexion, and so does the sudden change from indoors to frosty air. Roughness and chapping usually follow any prolonged exposure unless the skin is protected with a softening and healing emollient like HINDS Honey and Almond CREAM.

Many who love the bracing, cold weather have found that by applying Hinds Cream to any sore, irritated surfaces, or to parts of the body that have been chafed or compressed by warm clothing, they can make themselves comfortable at once.

You can use this cream freely at any time, on the face, neck, arms and hands, with absolute assurance of deriving gratifying results. It is economical and agreeable. The treatment is simple.

Hinds Cre-mis Face Powder, surpassing in quality and refinement; distinctive in fragrance and effect. White, flesh, pink, brunette. Boxes 60c, 15c. Samples 2c.

All dealers sell Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, 50c, $1.00. We will mail a sample for 2c, trial bottle, 6c traveler size, 10c. Try-out box of 5 samples, assorted, 10c. Booklet Free.

Write A. S. HINDS CO.
Dept. 18, Portland, Maine, U.S.A.

In the sick room Hinds Cream gives grateful comfort to the patient, also keeps nurse's hands soft.

Chapped cheeks, hands, knees, and ankles quickly relieved with Hinds Cream.

For baby's skin troubles Hinds Cream soothes and comforts. Dilute the cream one-half with water.

After shaving use Hinds Cream to soothe and relieve irritation from close shave or soap.

In Southern winter resorts Hinds Cream is depended upon by tourists to keep the complexion attractive.

O Bey, That Impulse!

Life

LIFE
598 Madison
Avenue.
New York City

I hereby subscribe for 10 issues of LIFE and expect to read them amid sheiks of laughter. Enclosed a $1. (Canadian, $1.20; Foreign, $1.40.)

.....

318

.....

.....

One Year, $5.00 (Canadian, $5.80; Foreign, $6.60)

IN obeying that impulse and filling out the coupon to left, be sure to give your address. Signing the order "Yours as ever, Jim" fills us with delight on account of the friendly sentiment. But it has its drawbacks, so far as Jim is concerned.

Send two cents for a copy of The Miniature LIFE—just out.

Our Friend the Weather Man

("Weather Expert Puzzled Over Unusual Performances of Year." —News Item.)

I'VE never met the weather man but I'm sure he must be a refreshing sort of person—unspoiled, you know, and with all his youthful enthusiasm intact.

Something always happens to brighten his life. If it rains, he'll find that it's the first time since the weather bureau was established that it started to rain at exactly such a time on such a day. If it's sunny, he's equally excited. Imagine such weather for February 23, or whatever the date may be. Besides, it has directly followed an entire week of sunny weather, and the records clearly show that we haven't had a week of sunny days following two inches of snow on February 14 since—why, goodness me!—since 1892, and you all know what a peculiar winter that was.

If a cold snap comes, he revels in it. He can predict no relief for the suffering millions for days, perhaps weeks or months. If subsequent developments prove him to have been wrong, he doesn't care. His attitude of infallibility continues and he makes predictions with as much assurance as before.

If, on the other hand, a warm spell arrives, he seems to feel that it is the direct result of his own personal influence. Whatever happens, some new record for the weather bureau is broken, and that should be sufficient comfort to the public. What would they find to talk about, otherwise?

He always finds something to interest or puzzle him. Originally, I think, he came from California, where all weather is "unusual."

T. H. L.

JUDGE (*in assault and battery case*): What instrument did you use to reduce the plaintiff to this condition?

DEFENDANT (*proudly*): None at all, your Honor. It was all hand work.

Pigeon-toed Gentleman: I DO NOT WISH TO MAKE A SCENE HERE, SIR, BUT THIS IS THE THIRD AND LAST TIME I AM TELLING YOU TO GET OFF MY FOOT!

10 Shaves
FREE
See Coupon

Five Mistakes

We corrected for you in a Shaving Cream

By V. K. Cassady, Chief Chemist

GENTLEMEN:

The five main complaints men made about some shaving soaps were these:

1—Lather too scanty

So we made Palmolive Shaving Cream to multiply itself in lather 250 times. A tiny bit—just one-half gram—suffices for a shave.

2—Slow action

So we made a Shaving Cream to act in one minute. Within that time the beard absorbs 15% of water. And that makes a hard beard wax-like.

3—Dries on face

The lather of Palmolive Shaving Cream maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.

4—Hairs lie down

That is due to weak bubbles. Strong bubbles are essential to support the hairs for cutting. We discovered that fact, we believe. And Palmolive bubbles are strong.

5—Skin irritation

The blend of palm and olive oils makes Palmolive Shaving Cream a lotion. It brings one fine after-effects.

Let us prove this

We ask your permission to prove these things—to send you a tube to try. We are masters of soap making. One of our soaps—Palmolive—is the leading toilet soap of the world.

We have worked hard to excel in a Shaving Cream. We made up and tested 130 formulas before we attained our ideal.

Now Palmolive Shaving Cream is a sensation. Millions employ it. Tens of thousands write to thank us for it.

Do us the kindness to mail this coupon, for your sake and for ours.

PALMOLIVE
SHAVING CREAM

Follow with Palmolive After Shaving Talc.
An invisible way to that well-groomed look.

© P. Co. 1924

10 SHAVES FREE
Simply insert your name and address and mail to
THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY
Dept. B-593, 360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Neither romance nor history tells us who made the first pair of stockings. But certain it is that human progress is indicated by the remarkable refinements that have been made in hosiery. Never before this very day have men, women and children been able to own such beautiful and substantial foot-coverings at so low a cost. Phoenix leadership in this advancement has made it the standard hosiery of the world. But neither romance nor history can record the downright satisfaction that has come from the long miles of strenuous and refined travel which this splendid product economically supplies.

PHOENIX
HOSIERY
MILWAUKEE

FEB -5 1924

© CI B608255

Life's Horoscope *for* 1924

Cast by Georgius Capella *Charted by Hogarthus the Younger*

Now Cometh Februarius, the Second Month, which falleth in the Sign of Pisces or the Fishes. Thus do the Heavens shew their Wisdom, for Fishmongers will do well in this Month which, though the shortest of the Yeare, hath in it five Fridays.

The Planet Jupiter will be in the Ascendant, signifying Business to be Brisk and Successful. Men born under this Star will be cheerful Phylosophers who will rejoice at the Cold, saying, This is Good; it putteth Hair on the Chest. Others, born under Saturn, will make greate To-do about the Weather as if they could thus change It, and to these Men will come much Dolour. For Evil delights to visit where she findeth Welcome on the Mat.

On the Twelfth Day our Nation will celebrate the Birth of the Greate Emancipator, Abraham Lincoln, but none will exceed in Zeal our Politicians. There will be many Feasts for favourite Sons where it will be said of each, Mark, how he resembles Lincoln, which if Father Abraham hear must give him a Greate Laugh.

Bachellors, Beware the Fourteenth Day which is that of Saint Valentine and this Yeare a Day of especiall danger for that it being Leap Yeare Maids are allowed to pursue whomsoever they would. Therefore let those who would remaine single keep Close to Cover unless They be fleet of Foot.

To Some Parts of Our Country the Heavens will show a Greate Portent on the Night of the Twentieth Day when the Light of the Moon will be blotted out. This Eclipse will not be Visible to New England for it is known that these conservative Folk often refuse to see Things clearly perceived by Others.

The Twenty-second Day will be marked by high winds and much gusty Talk in the neighborhood of Banquet tables where Orators will tell of the Deeds of George Washington. In the Ante-rooms of these Feasts men will meet who will say, Now I have not seen You for Lo, these Months; Come with me, forthwith. And many New Year's Resolutions will be cast aside.

In the Fields of Sport Men will be divided in two Camps, who worship respectively the Sun and the Snow. The Former will hie themselves to Lands in the South where there is never Chillblain nor Frost-bite. But the Snow-birds will reck little of these Things. And Both Camps will have Comfort, the One being near Cuba, the Other adjacent to Canada.

Thus the Month will close blithely. But there will be a Solemn Note in the diminishing Supply of Coals which will ever show more of the Bottom of the Bin, verily the saddest Sight a Man can see.

Mr. Kleboe's Clinker

No. 6—Prohibition officers, having seen lights in Mr. Kleboe's basement windows every night since December 12, 1921, raid his home. Mr. Kleboe tells them of his clinker and they express their desire to help him get it. He hopes to announce its dislodgment in next week's issue of LIFE.

Jonesville Uplifts the Drama

"I THOUGHT I'd check out to-night," said the gray-haired traveling salesman to the desk man at the Hotel New Trianon, Jonesville, "but I can't see the buyer for the New Bon Marché until to-morrow. She was rehearsing to-day with the Jonesville Art Players in Hickey's livery stable over on Water Street. They have turned it into a theatre and call it Ye Mews.

"My customer is the director. She also wrote the first play. She said she felt it was better to write one than to try to select one and run the risk of getting something beneath the artistic objects of the Jonesville Art Players. She asked me if I thought she was right and I told her that if she wrote it they probably would get their kind of play.

"The Jonesville Art Theatre will bring higher and better things to the people, things untouched by commercialism. My customer says her associates are firm on that score. They have already agreed that if after the play is produced some manager wants to take it to New York and exploit their art they will say no. She says the young man who is giving his services as leading man could easily command a high salary if he would debase his art, but he would rather stay on as floorwalker at the Emporium and give himself to benefiting his own people. She says they are all like that; perfectly noble.

"Can you tell me a good movie in town?" *McCready Huston.*

Enlightening

"WERE you seriously injured in that automobile accident?"

"Well, I didn't think I was until I read about the smash in the newspaper."

Life Lines

UNTIL further notice, the price of peace stands reduced from eternal vigilance to $100,000.

Since M. Coué arrived in this country he has learned that the American people are forgetting better and better.

Coué's latest claim for his treatment is that it will make hair grow on a bald head. That knotted string turns out to be nothing but a variation of the barber shop chord.

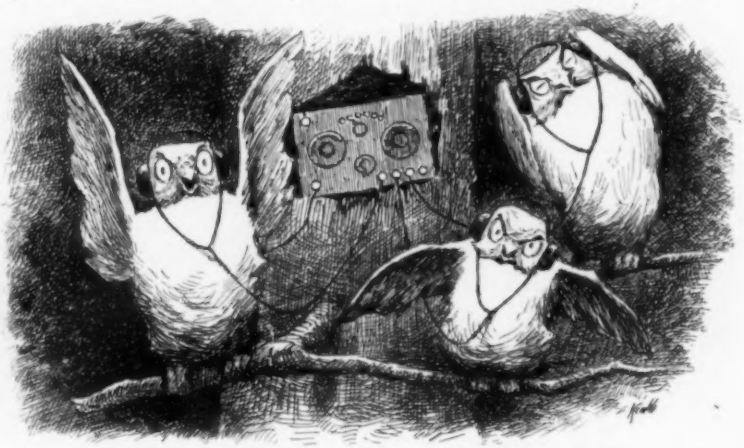
The Rev. O. J. Kvale, who succeeded Andrew Volstead in Congress, has bitterly arraigned the Anti-Saloon League—and the boys are now singing: "Kvale, Kvale, the Gang's all here."

Latest census figures show that 5,000,000 men and women in the United States are unable to read or write. Publication of the Hearst newspapers will continue until further notice.

The sea horse, says a noted zoölogist, is fast going out of existence.
Enter the era of taxi-crabs.

The ancient Chinese used to wage war by striving to see who could make the most noise. The modern American is trying to promote peace by a similar method.

Plans are under way to dispense with prohibition in Norway.
Old King Skoal is a merry old soul.



"SH-H-H-H! KEEP QUIET, PLEASE. SOME DUCK IS SINGING ABOUT THE 'OWLD COUNTREE.'"

Radio Pudding

By Beatrice Herford

MA: Tune in, Sijunior. It's most time for the service. Bring up a chair, Si, and set close, the rest of us can hear anywheres. Ain't you most through, Abby?

ABBY: Yes, Ma, I'm a-comin' just as soon as I git my puddin' in the oven.

MA: Well, hurry up, it's begun already, they're singin' your favorite hymn, don't forget to shet the draught, it sounds so beautiful.

ABBY: There, I'm all through now. I guess that puddin' will be good, it's real plain, I love that hymn, last time it didn't have no vanilla in it an' it wa'n't no good at all.

SI: Wished you'n' Abby'd keep quiet, I can't hear nothin' when you're talkin'.

SI, JR.: I guess Ma 'n' Abby'd ruther broadcast theirselves.

SI: I hate like thunder to miss any of it.—There seems to be kind of a pause now.

SI, JR.: Maybe they're passin' the plate, I guess you don't mind missin' that.

ABBY: I guess that's the soprano that sung last Sabbath.

SI: What's she singin'?

MA: I dunno. It's beginnin' to smell real good, how long you goin' to give it, Abby?

ABBY: Oh, I think likely I'll take it out jist before the sermon.

SI, JR.: Wouldn't mind bein' took out then myself.

THE SOPRANO: "O source of all our joys."

ABBY: Do you want hard or soft on the puddin', Ma?

MA: Oh, I ain't partic'ler, I'd like less of the organ in it, it keeps drownin' the voices out, do you like this choir?

ABBY: I thought some of tryin' a new kind.

MA: That tenor's voice is real sweet.

ABBY: It's somethin' between a hard an' a soft, kind of foamy, with a light brown crusty top.

The Modernist: OH, WOE IS ME! I'M A MISERABLE FAILURE! I SHOWED MY LATEST CANVAS, "THE LOVE-LIFE OF THE EGG-PLANT," TO CARTER THE CRITIC, AND HE *knew what it was!* ART IS NAUGHT TO ME NOW.

"ALL DRESSED UP AND NO PLACE TO GO"

SI, JR.: Well, you an' Ma beat all. I guess that church choir'd have to laugh if they could hear you an' Ma mixin' them up with the puddin'.

MA: Now keep still, Sijunior, it's the prayer now.

ABBY (*whispering*): I think likely I'd better go in the kitchen, Ma, durin' the prayer, it has a way of risin' up an' flowin' over, an' Pa won't like me gettin' up in the middle of it.

SI, JR.: Can I help you, Sis?

MA: Sijunior, you stay where you be, take your feet down off that chair an' take it out of your mouth or stop chewin'.

SI: He certainly is a great hand to pray, wouldn't yer be more comfortable on the lounge, Ma, it lifts yer right up, it's real inspirin'.

MA: I'm all right here, I jist seen the Bixbys drivin' by, I guess they eat up to her folks most every Sabbath, they do say he's as close as the bark on a tree, where you goin'?

SI, JR.: Thought I'd see if the canary has water.

MA: Well, it has, an' it won't hurt you a mite to set an' listen to this sermon.

ABBY (*returning from the kitchen*): It won't be long now before it's done.

SI, JR.: If it's anythin' like the one we had last Sunday it'll go on forever. I hate these rantin', ravin' orators, an' nobody believes in that hell-fire stuff now anyway.

SI: What's goin' on now? Is it the sermon? Don't I smell somethin' burnin'?

MA: Yes, it's the sermon.

ABBY (*rushing out*): Good Lord, it's the puddin'!

Broadcasting

Radio for the Beginner

THE PRINCIPLES OF WIRELESS EXPLAINED IN A SIMPLE-MINDED WAY SO THAT A CHILD CAN UNDERSTAND THEM AS WELL AS AN ADULT, IF NOT BETTER

By Sigmund Spiggle
Noted Inventor and Professor of Electrolysis at the Harlem Billiard Academy

PROFESSOR SPIGGLE IN HIS LABORATORY STUDYING SOUND WAVES

RADIO, the science of eavesdropping-in on what is going on in the air, was discovered by that eminent Italian physicist and spark-plug fancier, Signor Google-Elmo Marcaroni, at the time of a wire-hangers' strike in Palermo. Signor Google eliminated wires and thus broke the strike. He de-polerized telegraphy.

He was able to do this because of his profound knowledge of atom anatomy. Atoms are small items, and up till that time people had sort of disregarded them; but the Signore felt sorry for these humble little units—particles of the first part—and he got chummy with them. He found out why they were so full of pep. It seems that each atom is a quorum of three components—beef, wine, and ion. The problem was, how to liberate the ion without the others' noticing.

BRONC SPARK

He did this with the assistance of a Jumping Spark, trained like the Jumping Frog described in Twain's well-known monograph. When the spark jumps there is a splash in the ether, followed by waves, and in the general commotion the ions make their escape. That is to say, they are given the air.

Continuing his researches with the aid of Sillycon, the Crystal Detective, he completely solved the radio mystery by making the Permanent Wave (guaranteed to stay coily). Thus by consistently tickling with the cat's whisker, the Jumping Spark is kept on the jump.

I trust I make myself clear.

SIGNOR MARCARONI FONDLING TAME ATOMS

RADIOCINATION

Now that you know all about radio activity and have transmittens at your finger tips, we come naturally to the subject of ion collecting. Bear in mind that the zippy little particles are constantly roving by like volts from the blue. Your thought is, then, how shall we cull them? How attract their attention?

For this purpose you need an inducement coil and a good mixer (called a varied-coupler) and, as your social training will tell you, a receiving line. The latter should consist of twenty-eight meeters. By the time the ions have got as far as the fifteenth meeter they will be all in.

But what brings the ions oscillating with impatience is the glowing Audubon tube. They flock to it like moths. Once inside, they take their filament from the plate, hot off the griddle. Then, under the influence of what they get from the taps and extra-dry cells, they cavort dizzily on their winding way till halted by ohmed resistance and put in the condenser charged with disorderly conduction—or sometimes, I regret to say, with assault and battery.

Which brings us logically to the question, should a circuit be open or closed? My experience as a wireless ear-muffer is in favor of the open circuit. It seems to me more liberal. But where laboring ions are strongly organized, the closed circuit is inevitable.

Nevertheless a closed circuit may be opened with a pair of automobile jacks or better; or by turning the dials in the usual safe manner—four turns to the left, stopping at 17, then two to the right, stopping at 36, then all the way to the left till the bolt* slides. Once open, it had best be left ajar for the sake of ventilation.

RECEIVING AND SPENDING

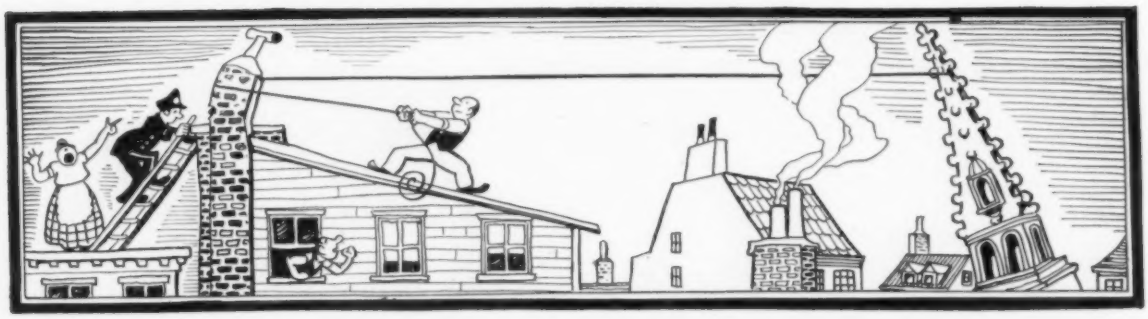
The next important matter to consider is the etiquette of receiving. For this hospitable function milady should wear a panel gown of antenna de soie with beaded insulation and switch-point lace. The man of the house should wear a one-turn rubber collar of the choke-coil type, studs in series, and trousers in parallel. The mere presence of waves hardly warrants bathing suits.

In receiving calls from people you have never met, remember your station. Begin with a clever lead-in. Make them realize that this is for them a signal honor. And make the intriguing De X keep his distance. These little niceties will establish you as *au current* with the smart set. Your loud speaker will tell the world.

L. M.

*Fed from lightning trap on window.

RECEIVING ETIQUETTE



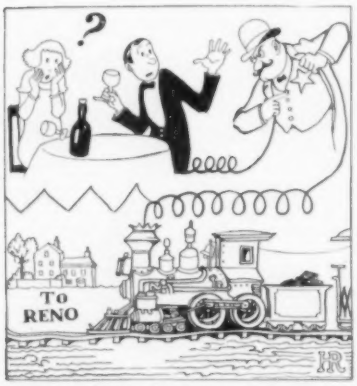
How to Construct a Deceiving Set

IT IS ALL IMPORTANT THAT YOU CHOOSE THE RIGHT FRAME-UP

By Gottfried Dusenberry

IF you are a true radio enthusiast you will prefer to build your own outfit instead of buying one that will work. (Every wireless fan and every husband should hook up his own.) To do this you must follow my instructions exactly.

First you must decide which style of layout you want. The best-known circuits are the Keith and the Orpheum. These operate on a two-a-day frequency



THE CO-RESPONDENT CIRCUIT OR RENO FRAME-UP

and comprise a series of 12- to 18-minute turns; but there is apt to be clogging. For economy the Loew power and lesser book-ups may be resorted to. The latter have greater frequencies but weaker magnetic attractions.

Much used but still in fairly good condition is the Barnum Three-Ring Circuit, with cage antenna and slack wire and loop-the-loop features and a tan bark ground—all under one high tentsion.

ADVANTAGEOUS CONNECTIONS

BUT the real radio insect (let's avoid the word *bug*) will have a taste for one of the newer cook-ups, such as the Iodine Degenerative Circuit. This compact arrangement feeds direct from the obstruction coil to the pentameter, thus doing away with the customary esophagus. Amateurs will go crazy over it.

Another ingenious layette is the Froebel Grade Circuit, subdivided into secondary, primary, and kindergarten. But in operating, care must be taken with signals at grade crossings, especially where the belt line meets the direct primary; otherwise the injunction of the input and uptake will be retroactive. With this word of warning, however, the Froebel rigging is one that any one may fuss with by the hour, day, or month.

ASSURES FREEDOM OF SCREECH

FOR excitement in the home I recommend the Co-respondent Circuit. This is a vario-coupler detective deduction affair separated by a Renostat. The tuning is quite broad. But look out for shocks.

These frame-ups which I have described to you are all pretty good in their way. Speaking confidentially, however, the best one off the market is a mix-up which I invented myself. In this moment of foolhardy generosity I'll tell you about it, so that you may build one like it. But remember, this Dusenberry deceiving set may not be manufactured and sold commercially. I know, because I've tried.

ENTANGLING APPLIANCES

WELL, to go round about constructing the Dusenberry epoch-maker you need to begin with:

50 spools of piano wire
18 fathoms of chicken wire
1 caboose coupler
2 Hudson tubes
4 infection coils
1 tack
3 cyclometers
8 binding posts
10 whipping posts
4 volt-cructs
7 vacillators
5 cold storage batteries (unless you can afford fresh ones)
1 solitary cell
1 padded cell

A PUT-UP JOB

IN building the Dusenberry setback, the first thing to establish is the overhead. Hence you must start on the roof. If there happens to be no stairway to the roof of your house, or if the trapdoor is stuck, access may be had via the chimney. In that case it is a good plan to wear a dark suit. However, if you possess none, don't worry; you'll have a dark suit before you get through.

After you have gone down again for the tools and wire you forgot to bring up, stretch your aërial from the chimney to the nearest steeple. Either Methodist or Baptist will do, though the latter has a water hazard. Insulate with insulin.

Go over all connections carefully and then over the edge of the roof, falling to the earth in natural folds. If you feel the shock, you can rest assured that you have made a proper ground contact. This is known as a ground cramp.

A BIRD IN THE HAND

Now, with the aid of a friendly woodpecker (they follow radio insects), bore a hole through the clapboard, insert a glass-eyelet, and ooze the wire into the

WITH THE AID OF A FRIENDLY WOODPECKER BORE A HOLE THROUGH THE CLAPBOARD

cellar. You yourself then enter—not by the glass-eyelet but by the more convenient coal chute. After your chimney training this will be easy.

Attach the wire to the pipe-coil of your still. No need of soldering: just give it a taste and it will stick around. This connection will transmit from the ginerator up through the wire to the roof a potent kick that will make the antenna tingle.

Now you can understand why I stipulated a steeple for the far end; it is a natural insulator. But don't work the ginerator to its full potential, or you'll hear chimes ring.

With this strong connection your aërial will set up a jagnetic field, and attract ions from everywhere. Some will go to great wavelengths to get to it.

All that remains, therefore, is to switch them indoors, or in other words, throw them into receivership. And there is where the Dusenberry mix-up is without an ampeer.

THE BOARD OF ELECTRONS

The set proper had best be erected on the library table—if the gift book-ends can be conveniently moved. To construct it you take a panel of good quality; one out of the front door will do. (If you are a genuine electric fan, you'll never miss it.) On the face of this panel, stained with stove polish or taken up the chimney with you, you put your dials, adjusters, quadrants, hydrants, nodes, measuring-wormgear, etc. It is essential that you have an adequate display of these, because this is the side your friends will see when you show off the set. The other side doesn't particularly matter. Indeed, on my personal set I have seven clever dinguses which can be monkeyed with from the front without changing anything at the back. Which is how I gained my enviable reputation as a radio expert.

BATTERIES FOR TO-DAY

Superfluous as they may seem, behind the shuffleboard, certain accoutrements are *de rigueur*. The ions sort of expect them. So the Dusenberry set includes seven inner tubes with sockets to match, two switches and one transformation (to regenerate thin waves), two ruction coils, one atomizer, three 50-watt kaleidoscopes, one beezer, one dry battery filled with distilled inspirational literature, one block of wet cells filled with celluloid; and, thrown in among them, one monkey-wrench.

Most of these utensils can be constructed at home. The ruction coils, for example, are of simple design. Just take an ordinary ionic column 11 3-32 inches long, coat it with radium, let it dry six weeks, wrap on 516 turns of No. 8 gold wire (Joe Bush wind-up); then coat with radium again and let dry for six weeks more. After you have built up nine layers in this manner and are about to add brass sliders and serve, you find you forgot to leave the wire ends out on tap. But don't be discouraged. *Next* time you'll remember.

EQUIPMENTAL DISEASES

And here are a few points to bear in mind. Wires should, if possible, be fastened at both ends. All joints should be rubbed with Dr. Steinmitts's Liniment to prevent rheumatism. Be sure to keep drip pans under the grid leak and the honeycomb coils. The loud speaker, or Magnusjohnsonvox, requires an occasional cough drop.

Once your set is in working order you will know the thrill of achievement. You can boast that you are one of the few persons in the world possessing an authentic Dusenberry Supercondensatory Input-and-take Negative Circuit.

When your friends gather around admiringly to hear it reproduce a violin solo of Schubert's "Serenade" and mistake same for a bagpipe playing hopscotch, simply explain to them that this deceiving set is too scientific to tolerate dreamy music. Of course it doesn't sound like those old-fashioned, effeminate radios they are used to. It was never meant to. This one—just hear it buck and whinny!—is a *rodeo*.

A HANDY TRAVELING SET

In response to the demand for a set that may be carried about as conveniently as a toothbrush or a collapsible typewriter, I have devised the cutest little outfit. It makes a great hit with people whose landladies' attitude impels them to travel.

This portable set has the dear, familiar features of the large, insupportable Dusenberry rig-up. Indeed it is the same thing in congested form. For convenience' sake I have ensconced it in a 6-quart valise such as bootleggers use. The innards consist of nineteen snarls of feed-wire, three neglecter tubes, Sing-Sing cell block, phonyometer, and loud squeaker. A unique thing about this set is that the aërial is internal; so that it gives an effect of ventriloquy.

THIS IS THE SIDE YOUR FRIENDS WILL SEE

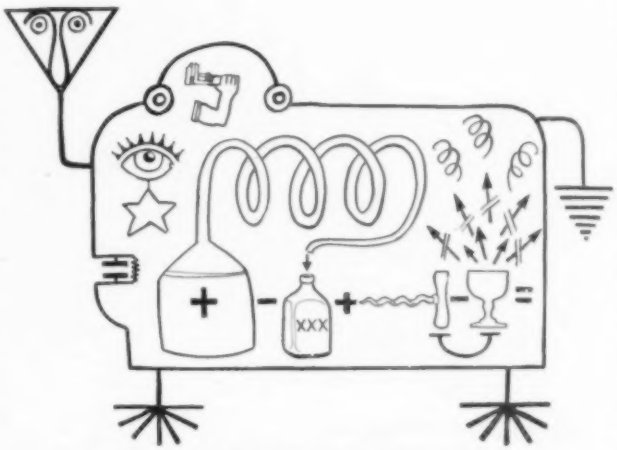
The Dusenberry portable may be borne with equanimity, if you are fairly strong. It obviates the need of a daily dozen. Carried in the hand, on the shoulder, or on a motor truck, it weighs only 37 pounds.

In entrusting this valise to a red-cap station porter it is advisable to notify the bearer as to the nature of what he is carrying. Otherwise misapprehensions may occur.

On trains it is simply invaluable. As passengers are strangers to each other and conversation is therefore difficult, each traveler should be furnished with an individual chatterbox with which to beguile the long hours. When each person in a car has tuned to his favorite broadcastery, there is no need for the conductor to call stations. The stations will do that for themselves, and traveling will have a zest and variety such as it never had before. And at eventide the faithful Pullman porter will know how to place the portmanteaus as he tucks his charges in bed, so that they may be lulled to dreamland by happy Bedtime Stories told by the Cinder-Man.

In short, when I started my inventions Radio was in its infancy. I have brought it to its second childhood.

L. M.



DIAPHRAGM OF DUSENBERRY DECEIVING CIRCUIT

THE ELITE HARP AND TROMBONE DUO

BROADCAST PROGRAMS FOR TO-DAY

WOW

4 P. M.—"Wit and Humor of the Pilgrim Fathers"—educational lecture by Rev. Mudford Memps.

4.15 P. M.—Lecture by Edwin T. Scudderfield on "The Story of Vanilla; from Bean to Blancmange."

5 P. M.—Aurelia Blight, diseuse. "The Psalm of Life" and other Gems from the Poets.

5.30 P. M.—Hay, corn and potato quotations.

5.40 P. M.—Patriotic address by the Hon. Elihu Bloomer. "My Country, My District."

6.50 P. M.—Newark Street Cleaners' Band. Selections.

7.30 P. M.—Vocal recital by Suzanne McGlottis, soprano. "I Come to Thee." "Thou Art Mine." "We Two Together." "Good Night, Beloved." "Hark, Hark, the Lark."

8 P. M.—Pollywog Tales for Little Tots, told by Emma Goody.

8.30 P. M.—Carl Bessemer, baritone. Selected numbers.

9 P. M.—Dance program by Social Jazz Orchestra of Boilermakers' Benevolent Association.

10.30 P. M.—Reading from "Scottish Chiefs" by Agnolia Smidge, recitrice.

11 P. M.—Sascha Kovik, violinist. "Humoresque" (Dvorak), "Souvenir" (Drdla), "Meditation" from Thais (Massenet).

WOP

Special Italian grand opera program.

WHAM

8.30 P. M.—Jules Bigre, violinist, "Meditation" from Thais (Massenet). "Humoresque" (Dvorak). "Souvenir" (Drdla).

9.30 P. M.—Talk by Poindexter C. Guffy of the Department of Statistics. "Our National Need—Greater Alfalfa Acreage."

10.35 P. M.—"The Gripes of Gordon's Men" and other bagpipe selections by Sandy McBoogle.

WHEE

Request program. (Requester unknown.)

WHEW

6.30 P. M.—Elaine Gubbie, nature lover. "Making Friends with the Tree Toads."

7 P. M.—Heinrich Wolfkind, violinist. "Souvenir." "Humoresque." "Meditation."

7.20 P. M.—Bootleg quotations.

7.50 P. M.—Concert of favorite melodies by the Wayne Junction Zither Club.

8.30 P. M.—Health Talk by Dr. Herkimer A. Stumm. "The Care of the Adenoids."

9 P. M.—Dramatic entertainment by the Thespis Society of Mt. Carmel. "The Prince and the Dewdrop."

UNCLE SUNBEAM, THE KIDDIES' DELIGHT

9.50 P. M.—Rollo Rabinowitz, pianist. Piano solos.

10.15 P. M.—Comic monologue by Ellery Bland, principal of Stitchford High School. "Johnnie's Day at the Foundry."

10.30 P. M.—Luella Twitter, soprano. "Mad Scene." "I Am Titania." Attended by flute.

10.50 P. M.—Talk by Sam K. Snaft, president of the Cheese Manufacturers' Association of America. "Eat More Cheese."

11.15 P. M.—"Sailor, Beware!" And others, too. Sung by Ronald Rumble, basso.

11.35 P. M.—Bird Imitations by Felix Nimple, illustrating the songs of the striped grackle, chewink, tomtit, yellow hammer and hermit mud sparrow.

11.50 P. M.—Giuseppe Ravioli, tenor. Operatic excerpts.

12.10 A. M.—Oswego Männerchor. "Ach Du" and other favorites.

12.30 A. M.—Bad-time Tales from Boccaccio by Uncle Wisecrack. *L. M.*

ANSWERS TO AMATEURS

Q. Every time I tune my loud speaker into either station WWX or MPO there is a noise suspiciously like "quank-quank" that appears to come from the next room. What can I do about this?

Ans. Move.

Q. I have tried in every known way, but I cannot seem to get my storage batteries charged. What do you think the trouble is?

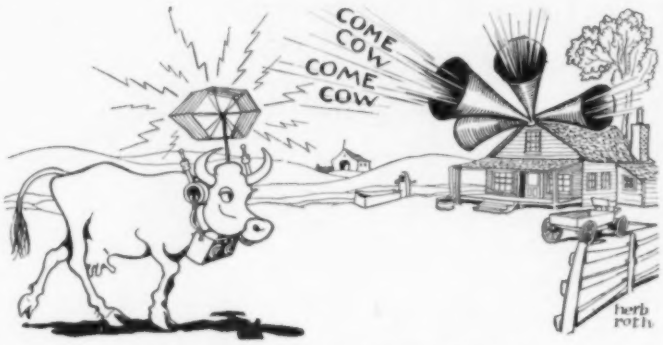
Ans. Your credit is bad.

Q. What is (*a*) "coarse tuning"? (*b*) an ampere? (*c*) a buzzer?

Ans. (*a*) The use of profane language while attempting to adjust your receiving apparatus. (*b*) The official judge of any contest. (*c*) Baby talk for a fraternal relative.

Q. My friends consider that I have a very pleasing voice. I also play piano with reasonable facility. As I have composed a number of my own original songs, do you think I could possibly persuade a radio company to broadcast a short little program—say an hour and a half—some evening?

Ans. Certainly not! The radio companies are particularly careful about the high-grade programs they broadcast and it is extremely doubtful that you would be considered for an instant. I, myself, have never known of any case wherein a rank amateur was permitted the use of the air.



MODERN WAY OF CALLING THE COW HOME

Q. I have been offered a three-vacuum-tube set with amplifier and loud speaker at a great reduction. As my apartment is right next to a boiler factory that works night and day shifts, I hesitate to avail myself of this offer. What do you think?

Ans. Why not keep your windows open and save the money?

H. W. H.

Shade of Robin Hood (to Philip Snowden and Ramsay Macdonald): ROBBING THE RICH TO GIVE TO THE POOR! GENTLEMEN, YOU'RE STEALING MY STUFF.

Beware, Broadway!

The Church, Thinks Sounder, Menaces the Theatre.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 2.—It has seemed to a good many of us in Washington that sooner or later Congress will have to look into Religion. For one thing it has been several weeks since any Congressional committee has been appointed to fix the blame on anything, and as there is need of keeping in practice in that sort of work, it is highly probable that we shall take up the Church controversy.

To be prepared

for any contingency. I have been studying the Church situation for several weeks.

It is, of course, true that nowadays few congregations are on speaking terms with their pastors, that any minister who agrees with the views of a colleague is rated old-fashioned, and that all relations between clergymen and their superiors can be conducted safely only through the newspapers. As for the Ladies' Aid meetings of any faction-split church, I understand that an ambulance is always in attendance at the door.

Before blaming

the Church for this situation, I ask you to consider the churchgoers' part in it. From sources which I consider reliable—and I can produce witnesses at the proper time and place—I find that the average congregation is made up of four classes—the regulars, the regular irregulars, the very irregulars and the never-at-alls.

The regulars include those old-fashioned people who go to church for the purpose of worshiping God.

The regular irregulars

are regular in attendance but irregular in their motives. They may be found sitting conspicuously in their pews any Sunday morning, wishing they were somewhere else; and they include various public men who feel it is important to be seen going to church (during election year I even attend the evening service as well); fathers who feel it a duty to set an example to their children, and the husbands of wives.

The very irregulars

comprise the stronger husbands who now and then win the Sunday morning battle to stay at home because the furnace needs looking after; women who would have gone if something hadn't come up like a sudden shower, a nervous headache, or the family for dinner, and women with new hats.

ALONG THE GREAT PEARLY WAY.

The never-at-alls

are those earnest Christians who will tell you that no, sir, they don't go to church, *they* live their religion seven days a week, leaving you to infer that any one who goes to church on Sunday spends the other six days in speculating with the firm's funds or sending poisoned bon-bons to his friends.

Obviously, to be successful—and today, of course, success is measured in attendance figures—the Church must liven up its services, and get a firm hold on the irregulars.

It must follow the policy that has brought success to the great movie industry and give the congregation what it wants.

Personally, I feel

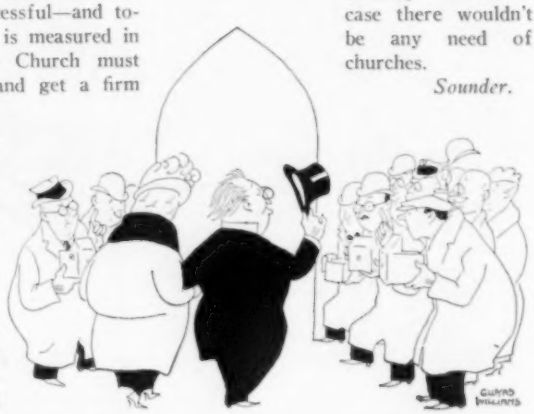
that the Church is to be commended for the way it has gone about it. What normally minded churchgoer would prefer the old-fashioned sermon to his pastor's denunciation and account of the latest prize-fight, delivered with the authority of an eye-witness? Of course, when the novelty of this sort of service has worn off, the church must be prepared with new devices to hold its congregation. If the pastor finds his flock straying he could, at a convenient moment in the service, turn a handspring; or if his physical development is not adapted to handsprings, he could rely on outside talent, and announce that instead of the regular sermon the Brothers Milanelli will oblige with their world-famous novelty acrobatic act.

That is, of course,

of the future; yet I have no fear whatever that the Church, judging from its present achievements, will not be able to handle the situation adequately. Indeed, the only dangers that I foresee at all in the situation today are that the Theatrical Trust will become jealous of the success of the Church, and try to undermine it by unfair competition.

Or else persons who think of church as the House of God will get tired of the bickerings and exploitations that now disturb it, and find other places to worship. In which case there wouldn't be any need of churches.

Sounder.



I AM AN INVETERATE CHURCHGOER, ESPECIALLY IN ELECTION YEAR.

The Broadcaster to His Love

MY mind becomes a vacuum tube
Whene'er I think of you;
My heart gets quite ec-static,
My headband goes askew.
Your eyes that flash like unquenched sparks,
Your hair like copper wire,
Break down my high resistance
Like a transformed amplifier.
I really think we're both in tune,
And ere through life we roam,
Suppose you hook up now with me,
And share my humble ohm!

A. C. M. A.

Victim: TST! TST! AND TO THINK THIS IS ALL GOING OVER THE RADIO.

The Transformed City

ALONG the road to To-morrow a young man strolled in search of the wonders of the Future. Moonbeams played about him and the air was full of stardust, and it was not long before weariness overcame him and he fell asleep by the wayside. When he awoke, he continued on his way until a city appeared. Quickening his pace, he was soon at its gates. There he inquired of him who stood on guard the name of the city. "It is called Yesterday," was the reply, and the young man gaped in surprise. You see, he was a very young man and one who had much to learn—particularly that To-morrow is certain to become Yesterday when one falls asleep by the wayside.

C. G. S.

A Remarkable Man

SMALL NEPHEW: Tell us about the time you were frozen to death at the North Pole, Uncle Jack.

SMALL NIECE: No, Uncle Jack, please tell us about the time you were killed by wild Indians.

The Boy: DON'T BE SCARED, LADY. HE LIKES HIS FOOD COOKED.

FEBRUARY 7, 1924 VOL. 83. 2153

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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COLONEL HOUSE says a liberal wave is running through the world and he sees encouraging hopes of peace in it. He sees power changing hands; British concerns shifting to the Labor-Liberal party, French concerns about to shift from Poincaré to Briand or some one else. With France and England both in charge of forward-lookers, there ought to be agreement about the reorganization of Europe, and Colonel House thinks there will be. When he lifts his hand, or perhaps his nose, in the air he feels the liberal wave, which he thinks started about the first of last December.

Yes. There does seem to be a movement. There are signs of power changing hands again in Russia. Lenin is dead and Trotzky out, the papers say. Turkey has Kemal; Italy has Mussolini; Spain has Rivera; Greece has got Venizelos back. It's getting to be that the Foreign Relations Committee of our Senate is about the only strong citadel of the old order left.

And even that has to stand some heckling now. When the Senatorial Champions run against somebody with clean hands, a mind that still functions and some experience of life, as lately Reed and Moses did in their tilt with Bok, they cannot put over anything very rough. What the Senate investigators have accomplished up to this writing with Mr. Bok is to present his peace plan with a large and valuable slice of headline advertisement. To be sure, they have not tried thumbscrews yet, and if they keep a rack, or hot irons, down in the basement of the Capitol, they have not produced them at this writing, but the more they practice on Mr. Bok the better it seems likely to be for the enterprise with which he is concerned. No very gross outrage on liberty of speech or action or even expenditure can be perpetrated by a committee that holds open sessions that are reported in the newspapers. Suppression and slugging have to be done in the dark corners if at all.

THE oil stories about the transfer of government oil lands to private interests suggest that the administration needs to clean house. Political housecleaning is something for which President Harding was about as ill adapted as President Taft. Possibly President Coolidge may show himself a better hand at it. If he finds it politically necessary, doubtless he will start in with broom, mop and bouncers.

NEW YORK seems pleased with the idea of having the Democratic Convention here. It will come late in June —the 24th. The prospect is not displeasing to the hotels. The resident population anticipates entertainment from it, and some people, pinched by rents, have ideas of subletting their houses or apartments to the visiting politicians. A suggestion that one session of the nominating convention shall be held at one of the ball grounds seems somewhat extravagant, but if the delegates do not object, New York will doubtless like the show and gladly pay to see it.

Perhaps it will really do some good to bring representative men in considerable numbers from all parts of the country to this city and keep them here a week. People who do not know New York and seldom or never see it, get very curious ideas about it. They seem to think of it as a kind of modern Babylon, full of sin, bootleggers, wild shows, hold-up men and swindlers. Indeed, they look upon it as the natural enemy of the morals and the economic interests of the rest of the country. Possibly if the delegates spend a week here they will gain an impression that after all New York is inhabited by human beings trying to live, making rather hard work of it, taxed to death in an effort to teach and assimilate a huge foreign-born population, and deserving a good deal better of the rest of the country than they get. If the weather is good and the delegates find it pleasant, that will help matters. If the arrangements for them are such that their stay here does not necessitate too heavy a tax on their pockets, that will be very helpful.

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly and finds too late that men betray, she sometimes brings up at Ellis Island. So it happened the other day to Mary Brennon, an Irish girl. She came; she was held up, ordered deported on the *Baltic*, died of pneumonia on that ship on November 16, and was buried at sea. Her baby died too.

So it happened to Ruth Grahn on her way from Gothenburg, Sweden, to her sister at Moline, Illinois. Seeing that Ruth had a baby coming and no husband, the United States ordered her deported on moral grounds. But at Ellis Island she caught influenza, bronchitis, pneumonia and other diseases, and died in the hospital there, leaving a baby boy, American born, who can stay in this blessed refuge of the oppressed. His aunt will take him to Moline.

The hospitalities of our country are not as all-embracing as they might be, and Ellis Island is not all that one could wish for as a health resort, but certainly the United States is 100 per cent. moral. If it was a mere human creature with a soul, one might well fear that its morality would presently get it damned. But to damn a nation is a heavy job and takes a long time.

The law that did these girls to death is about on a par with the English laws of a century or two ago that made death the penalty for sheep stealing.

Nothing is more cruel than law can be unless it is tempered by human discretion in the application of it. We think ourselves superior to the Eastern peoples in that we hold with government by law, whereas they prefer government by men. Such is the fallibility of men that our justice is probably better than theirs, but laws are fallible too, and unless the letter that killeth is under subjection to the spirit that giveth life, they do dreadful things.

Beware of getting into the hands of government, or of depending on it for justice. It is irresponsible and iniquitous to an appalling degree. For example: It is related that when the war ended, the government had a vast store of bacon to sell. A speculative citizen saw a chance and bought two million pounds or so, in storage in Brooklyn, for $800,000. A bank lent him the money. Forthwith an enterprising U. S. District Attorney, smelling something, swooped down on him for hoarding foodstuffs and tied his bacon up so that he could not sell it. It took two trials to get it loose, and by that time it had spoiled. So he sold it for two cents a pound for soap. He still owes the bank the greater part of $800,000.

Has he any redress? Not unless he can get Congress to appropriate the money to reimburse him.

Government has no bowels and no responsibility. Beware of it!

The clamor for more laws is ceaseless, but the best of laws make hard cases—as do our present immigration laws, which are not in their aim unreasonable or unnecessary, and are administered in the main by humane people. If they cause dreadful tragedies, it would seem to be mainly because too little power to make exceptions in the application of them is given to the officers who have to enforce them.

THE privilege of dying in one's bed is highly estimated—overestimated probably—and Lenin was lucky in that particular. The natural expectation was that he would die by violence of some kind. He seems to have been lucky in living as long as he did and in dying before anything worse befell him. He did his job, such as it was. The value of it to Russia cannot yet be computed. Russia needed a major operation. She got it. Lenin was chief surgeon. The patient has survived and seems to be convalescent.

E. S. Martin.

"UNTANGLE HIM!"

Advice to Ra

Do not become discouraged at static trouble. It may n

ice to Radio Beginners

It may not be static at all, but merely trouble in the receiving set.

And So Forth

AFTER lying low all season, Mgr. Brock Pemberton now leaps out at us with two new productions on as many successive nights, one a genuine Pirandello, the other something by a home-girl, Miss Zona Gale. Our vote would be for the native product.

The Pirandello play, entitled "The Living Mask" (*né* "Henry IV") has its exciting moments, but some one has to wake you up to enjoy them. In "Six Characters in Search of an Author" there was a considerable amount of dialectics, but the matter under discussion was a tempting one for the audience to join in on. In "The Living Mask" the question simply is: "How crazy is the man who thinks he is *Henry IV?*" and the people on the stage have a monopoly of all the facts in the case. These facts they grudgingly dole out to the audience, a teaspoonful at a time, but even when, along about 9:45, you have enough data at hand to form a theory of your own, you are inclined to let the whole matter drop as being a family affair concerning only the people on the stage.

At times we thought that Arnold Korff, Mr. Pemberton's German importation from the Irving Place *Schauspielhaus*, was a very fine actor, and at others we were sure that he was just a German model of Howard Kyle. It may perhaps mean something that those moments when we thought that he was a fine actor were those moments when Sig. Pirandello was at his best in the text.

THE second Pemberton offering, "Mister Pitt," was made by Miss Gale from her novel "Birth," and is a play to tear your heart from its moorings. The story of a mute, inglorious "dub," who went through life embarrassing people he loved, irritating those whom he most desired to please, conscious of his inarticulate gaucherie and yet always hoping some day to find a way to show people that he really wasn't such a bad sort, "Mister Pitt" is at times almost more than you can bear, so poignant is its tragedy.

And particularly as played by Walter Huston does this pitiful figure grip you and turn you inside out. Mr. Huston comes from vaudeville, where so many of our good things in the legitimate theatre have originated, and does a beautiful piece of work. In fact, the whole cast, with Minna Gombel playing opposite *Mister Pitt* as long as she can stand it, is startlingly proficient in creating the illusion of the manners and modes of 1902.

"Mister Pitt" is pretty ramshackle and hitchy, and has an outrageous ending in which, to save your heart from breaking entirely, the old battleship "Oregon" comes steaming on the stage to announce that the hero really didn't lose all his money and that somebody loves him. But, in spite of everything, it is great stuff.

IT is fortunate that "Hell-Bent fer Heaven" has been able to jump out of the special matinee class into the list of regular attractions, for it is one of the best things that has been brought out this season. It has the disadvantage of coming third in a chronological list of Southern backwoods drawl-plays, but it should come first in any other ranking.

It is notable chiefly for the creation by Hatcher Hughes, the author, of a new type of character, the young religious fanatic who commits detestable villainies in the sincere belief that he is carrying out the word of God. The discovery of John F. Hamilton for this part was a piece of luck that comes to a casting director once in a lifetime. It was probably more than luck that made some one realize that Glenn Anders was fitted for better parts than his erstwhile Leyendecker rôles under Avery Hopwood's beds, while Augustin Duncan and George Abbott were obvious choices where good acting of that particular sort was needed. Taken all in all, "Hell-Bent fer Heaven" is a distinct asset.

HENRY MILLER'S having changed the name of "Fanshastics" to "The Merry Wives of Gotham" has robbed us of our chief complaint against the Laurence Eyre comedy. Our other objections to it simmer down to the fact that it is about as convincing as a Punch and Judy show.

On the credit side are those two incomparable mistresses of light comedy, Grace George and Laura Hope Crews, several unusual stage-sets, and a certain amount of pleasant Irish dialogue, enhanced by the rich brogue of Arthur Sinclair. The main reason for attending it, however, is the opportunity of seeing Miss George and Miss Crews together on the same platform.

IT was, of course, unfortunate that Miss Rambeau was suffering from nerves to such an extent on the night of the opening of "The Road Together" that the play was closed the next night with considerable hard feeling on all sides. But, really, any play in which one character confides in another that Life is nothing but a kaleidoscope ought not to run much more than one night, nerves or no nerves.

Robert C. Benchley.

CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

More or Less Serious

Cyrano de Bergerac. *National*—Walter Hampden's splendid revival of a play that *is* a play.

The Dancers. *Broadhurst*—Formula 186 (Strong Man from North and Weak Women) well handled by Richard Bennett and a good cast.

The Gift. *Greenwich Village*—To be reviewed next week.

Hell-Bent fer Heaven. *Forty-Eighth St.*—Reviewed in this issue.

Hurricane. *Frolic*—Olga Petrova in a four-act race with sin. *Results:* Sin—first. Petrova—second. *Time:* 2 hrs., 30 mins.

In the Next Room. *Vanderbilt*—A satisfying murder-mystery, containing a warning about old boule cabinets in case you own one that you aren't sure of.

The Lady. *Empire*—Mary Nash in the real old stuff, and very stirring it is to see it again, too.

Laugh, Clown, Laugh! *Belasco*—Lionel Barrymore and the rainstorm in the last act help make this a bit different from the rest of its class.

The Living Mask. *Forty-Fourth St.*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Miracle. *Century*—Easily the most remarkable production ever staged in this country.

Mister Pitt. *Thirty-Ninth St.*—Reviewed in this issue.

Moscow Art Theatre. *Fifty-Ninth St.*—The justly famous Russian organization in repertory.

Outward Bound. *Ritz*—Metaphysics in the form of the most stimulating play of the year. Under no circumstances to be missed.

Rain. *Maxine Elliott's*—Until the above play came along, this was the best in town. And, on the whole, we are not sure but that it still is.

Roseanne. *Punch and Judy*—An excellent study of Negro life, acted by Chrystal Herne and a white company, with some rousing spirituals as an added attraction.

Saint Joan. *Garrick*—Shaw's trenchant and, at times, inspired survey of the Maid's career, with Winifred Lenihan in the title rôle.

Seventh Heaven. *Booth*—Something you might rent from a costumer if you wanted to dress up.

The Shame Woman. *Comedy*—The wages of sin in the backwoods.

Sun-Up. *Princess*—A genuine study of peasant reactions to patriotism, well done.

Tarnish. *Belmont*—One of the season's best, showing that all men are alike, only some more so than others.

White Cargo. *Daly's*—A vivid study of the effect of tropical rot on the moral fibre.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—Well, well! Is this still running?

For All of Us. *Ambassador*—William Hodge spreading the light.

Gypsy Jim. *Forty-Ninth St.*—A good word for Self-Confidence, with Leo Carrillo in the pulpit.

Meet the Wife. *Klaw*—Mary Boland in a comedy of too many husbands.

The Merry Wives of Gotham. *Henry Miller's*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Nervous Wreck. *Sam H. Harris*—Revolvers and broken dishes combined in an inexplicably amusing farce, with Otto Kruger and June Walker.

The New Poor. *Playhouse*—Lyn Harding in a manuscript by Cosmo Hamilton.

The Other Rose. *Morosco*—Cup-cakes, served pleasantly by Fay Bainter and Henry Hull.

The Potters. *Plymouth*—The American middle-class home in excellent detail, with Donald Meek making the father a memorable character.

The Song and Dance Man. *Hudson*—George M. Cohan giving a lesson in acting which ought to be made compulsory for the profession.

Spring Cleaning. *Eltinge*—Very smart dirt, dished by a splendid cast which includes Estelle Winwood, Violet Heming, Arthur Byron and A. E. Mathews.

The Swan. *Cort*—Just about as satisfying a comedy as you will find anywhere, with Eva Le Gallienne an equally satisfying heroine.

This Fine-Pretty World. *Neighborhood*—For drama-lovers with the taxi-fare.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Artists and Models. *Shubert*—Postcard stuff.

Charlot's Revue. *Times Square*—London entertainers in a refreshingly smart show.

Kid Boots. *Earl Carroll*—Eddie Cantor at his best in the best show he ever had.

Little Jessie James. *Little*—The song-hit, "I Love You," on its home-grounds.

Lollipop. *Knickerbocker*—To be reviewed next week.

Mary Jane McKane. *Imperial*—Tuneful and nice, with Mary Hay and Hal Skelly.

Mr. Battling Buttler. *Selwyn*—Not among the best, but better than some we have seen.

Music Box Revue. *Music Box*—Spectacular setting for Irving Berlin's music and Frank Tinney.

One Kiss. *Fulton*—Jack Hazzard, Ada Lewis and Oscar Shaw in something from the French.

Poppy. *Apollo*—Showing what Madge Kennedy, W. C. Fields, and Luella Gear can do for a show.

The Rise of Rosie O'Reilly. *Liberty*—A regulation Cohan dancing-show, kidded into good entertainment.

Runnin' Wild. *Colonial*—Negro singers and dancers in the best of its kind.

Stepping Stones. *Globe*—Fred Stone and his daughter.

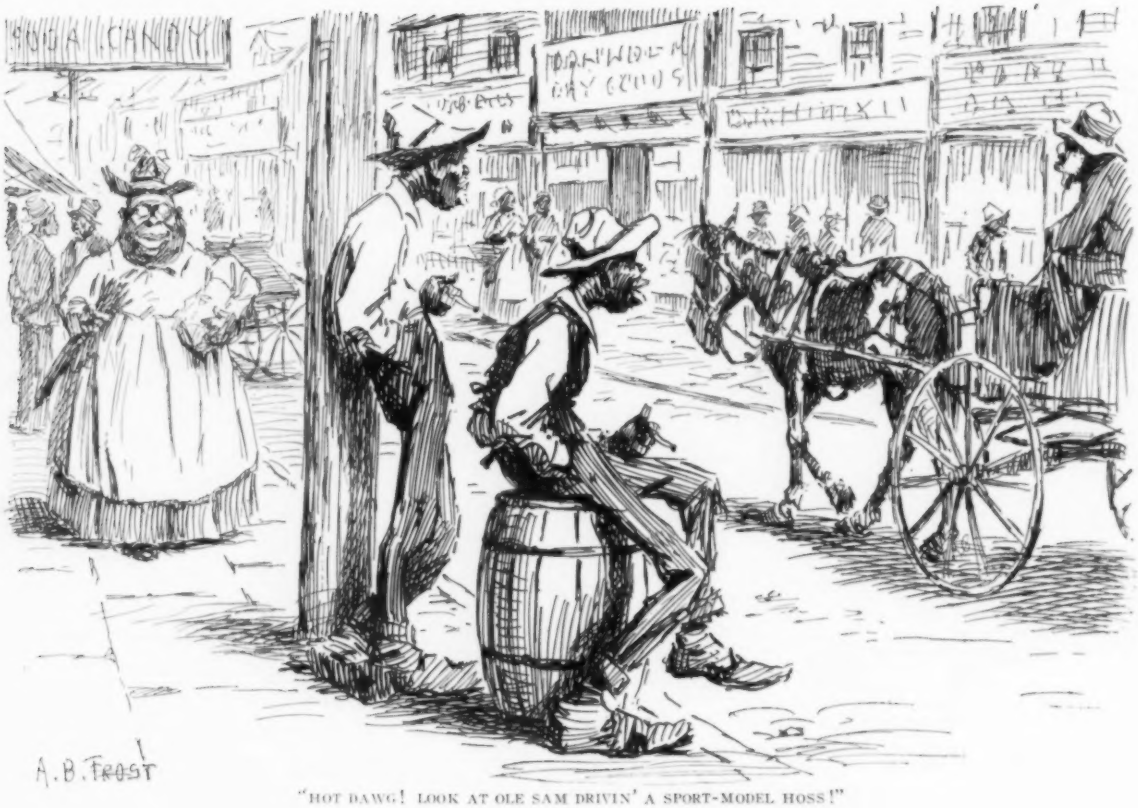
Sweet Little Devil. *Astor*—To be reviewed next week.

Topics of 1923. *Winter Garden*—Delysia in a better revue than you might expect.

Wildflower. *Casino*—Just a year old and still going strong, thanks to the score.

Ziegfeld Follies. *New Amsterdam*—A better show than it was at first, and it had better be. Fannie Brice and Paul Whiteman have helped.

LIFE: WHAT DO YOU CALL IT—SAINT BERNARD?
G. B. S.: NO, I CALL IT SAINT JOAN.



"HOT DAWG! LOOK AT OLE SAM DRIVIN' A SPORT-MODEL HOSS!"

Mrs. Pep's Diary

January 31st Lay late, a-reading of the publick prints, but as usual finding naught in them to interest me save the health departments, and why I should take such interest in the fell diseases of strangers I know not, being sounder when slightly indisposed than others are in their full health. So up, and off to Florence Kimball's for luncheon, and found there Blair Neale, and they fell upon me with a riotous How now, Mrs. Pep! but I stayed them, having heard so much silly talk the past few days whilst young Jane Abbott and her cronies were in our house that I want no more for a time. I am in a mood to hear naught but facts, I told them. Do not run along aimlessly, pray, but base your discourse on something which is grounded in truth, whereat Blair spoke up, Do you know that the opera André Chenier is written entirely in the key of C? and we grew very merry on that line, and then Florence sang me a fine song, When I Bring to You Coloured Toys, which R. Tagore wrote the words to, and then we fell, like fools, to discussing what it meant.

February 1st Greatly cast down by the bills which arrived by first post, and why tradespeople cannot wait a day or put off their evil communications a day or two I know not. . . . Edith Ramsay did come this day to seek my advice as to her marriage with William Boyd, and I made out from her verbal dartings that her only objection to him as a spouse is that he lacks a literary side, but he is a fine upstanding man, able to do her handsomely in the trappings of this world, and Lord! I had liefer be wed to one who gets the railroad reservations straight than to one who quotes Browning, and I told her that. And so together to a great luncheon which Adele Witherspoon gave in my honour, God knows why, and on the table was a bowl of narcissus, the odor of which sickens me, and I whispered to Adele that she must choose between me and the flowers, and the servant bore them off. What should you have done had she decided for the posies? quoth Sam when I told him, whereat I slapped his face, but not hard.

February 2nd A great company of women to luncheon this day, and I saw to it when the cocktayles were passed that Jane Jones got naught but orange juice, forasmuch as she becomes figurative in her speech at the slightest draught and will speak of the earth as God's footstool and the flag as Old Glory. . . . At cards all the afternoon, losing forty dollars, which I can ill afford to do at this time of the month, but at the opera in the evening I did see a woman wearing a tiara and bone-rimmed spectacles at one and the same time, and the vision cheered my spirits considerably.

Baird Leonard.

Skippy's Father: WELL, GOOD-BY, FOLKS, AND I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW MUCH WE ENJOYED THIS VISIT TO THE COUNTRY. I GUESS I WAS CUT OUT FOR A FARMER.

Uncle Abner: YA KNOW WE'RE CRAZY TO HAVE YA ANY TIME.

Skippy's Father: GOOD-BY!

Skippy: PAPA, AIN'T YA GOING TO TAKE WHAT AUNT ALLIE GIVE US?

Aunt Allie: LAND SAKES! IF I AIN'T PLUMB FORGOT IT AFTER WRAPPIN' IT UP.

Uncle Abner: DURNED IF YA DIDN'T.

"GEE, POP! IF IT WASN'T FOR ME WE'D 'A' FORGOT ALL THIS."

Skippy

Life and Letters

BY this time everybody either knows or doesn't care about the nature of Zane Grey's literary activities. The great open spaces have become a conversational *cliché*, and the manly men and womanly women who people them in fiction are very like one another. Mr. Grey's sales, however, continue well forward with relentless regularity in the lists made by librarians and booksellers, and it is to be hoped that he enjoys wide popularity in New York inasmuch as "The Call of the Canyon" (Harper) strikes a note which has the sweetness of unheard melodies for those New Yorkers who have no idea of letting it change the course of their lives. His conviction is, as revealed in his plot, that this big city is a wicked place, and that mental and moral salvation is to be found only in Arizona and points adjacent. No real estate agent trying to sell lots in Jackson Heights ever spoke out with more fervor than does Mr. Grey for his Western country, and if only a sufficient number of Manhattanites heed him and pull up stakes, it may be possible in the course of time for those having business in the Bankers Trust Company building to alight from their cabs at the curb instead of in the Madison Avenue car tracks.

BOOTH TARKINGTON also writes about a part of the country which he loves and understands, and so close does he hew to the line of reality that I read much of "The Midlander" (Doubleday, Page) with tears in my eyes. The Tarkingtonian method is also so familiar that the reviewer pressed for space has little to do but make a few shadowy comparisons. "Alice Adams," the poignant, underlying tragedy of which was lost at the time of its publication on many readers who weren't searching for pearls, is generally conceded now to be Mr. Tarkington's "great" book, and there is much of its quality in "The Midlander," the story of a man who knew he was right and went straight ahead in the face of obstacles which would have added tension even to the Book of Job.

Atmosphere and characterization of the first order are with us always in a Tarkington novel, and this time octogenarians have supplanted the youthful male for purposes of humor. *Grandma Savage* and *Old Hickory Shelby* are drawn from the life. In their maledictions against the rising generation, it is almost possible to catch their vocal inflections, and poor old *Mr. Shelby* at the *Oliphant* party is one of the most pathetic spectacles yet encountered in fiction. Midlanders will read with some satisfaction *Mrs. Shelby's* denunciation of Eastern "stock," although it is not fair to accept as a type the impossible girl from New York whom *Dan Oliphant* married. *Martha Shelby*, the girl next door, whom he should have married, is a worthy contribution to the Tarkington collection, and his brother *Harlan*, with the superiority complex, is a masterpiece.

Noah Webster: HE'S NO CHILD OF MINE.

WHAT struck me upon finishing "The Coast of Folly," by Conings-by Dawson (Cosmopolitan), was that there hadn't been an atom of humor in it. Not that there had been any special need for humor, but its presence never does any harm. Sometimes it helps considerably. What I'm trying to say in my stumbling fashion is that "The Coast of Folly" is a tale which points a moral without being burdened with any adornment. It would make an excellent serial for the *Daily News*.

Joyce Gathway, a youthful heiress to millions, became involved down at the coast one summer with a man whose wife was about to divorce him. Innocently involved, of course, but when the gentleman leapt into the ocean to save her from the jaws of a man-eating shark, it was natural for the beholders to suspect that more was there than met the eye, especially when *Larry's* wife decided to name *Joyce* in her suit and they remembered that *Joyce's* mother had run away with a lover twenty years before. That's the start to which Mr. Dawson gets off, and he thickens his plot at once by stirring in a disinheritance from *Joyce's* aged grandfather, whose ears are still good enough to get a little gossip. Things look pretty bad for the poor girl, but all's well that ends well, and what could be more salubrious for the Woman in the Case than to walk away from the first legal conference with the heart of the famous lawyer who was to have been her leading prosecutor?

"WHY DON'T YOU GET MARRIED?" by Norris Hodgins (Doran), is a volume of moderately amusing papers on assorted subjects. A shrewd paragraph concludes its brief introduction: "If from the perusal of these sketches you receive no profit, you will at least have the satisfaction of feeling that you could have written a darn sight better book yourself." And that is certainly something.

Diana Warwick.

Freedom's Voice

THE Sons and Daughters of Reform were gathered to celebrate the ratification of the Eighty-third Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which established Federal censorship of everything.

Books, moving pictures, plays, newspapers, magazines, public speeches—every possible means of disseminating ideas or information in future were to be submitted to the censors before release. Violators of the new law were denied the right of trial by jury.

Halls everywhere were equipped with radio receiving instruments so that the jubilant crusaders for the right might hear the words of their leaders and prophets being broadcasted from Washington as the chief feature of the simultaneous celebration of their latest triumph.

The thousands of meetings hushed reverently as the first vague coughings and stirrings sounded at the same instant in thousands of amplifiers. Then a voice began its message.

"This is Station X, the unknown quantity," it said, "broadcasting from a point deep in the Canadian woods.

"That ribald laughter and deep-throated guffawing may not perish from the United States, readings will be given each afternoon and evening, from this station, of the classics of other years. They will range from the merely indelicate to the actually vulgar.

"For to-day we have chosen Boccaccio's 'Decameron.' This evening we will broadcast selected tales from Rabelais. To-morrow night an unusual treat will be furnished. A famous raconteur will give you 'Barroom Favorites of Ante-Prohibition Days.'

"Our programs occasionally will feature songs sung by quartettes whose members will have been plied with liquor.

"The expenses of this station are being borne by a group of public-spirited citizens.

"If you will stand by for a few minutes, reading of 'The Decameron' will begin. Station X broadcasting."

The nation-wide meetings adjourned forthwith.

James K. McGuinness.

Fables for Farmers

A PRESIDENTIAL Boom steered by an eminent Distributor of Patronage encountered a Vociferous Demand from the farmers for reduced taxes and a lower cost-of-living. "We are all thinking of you," said His Eminence. "Congress is going to cut down the surtax on great incomes, so that there will be more capital for investment in golf clubs and country estates. The trouble with you farmers is overproduction; turn a whole lot of these farms into big estates, and there won't be so much farm truck that has to be sold at low prices. Think of all the farm boys that can get jobs as caddies; and farm labor will be in demand as gardeners and chauffeurs. Everything will be all right for you just as soon as these men with big incomes get a chance to spend their money properly, instead of paying it out to run the government."

W. G.

ADVENTURES OF PEP THE POOCH

THE SILENT DRAMA

"Reno"

IT is probable that Rupert Hughes became inoculated with the germ of propaganda during the late war, when he rendered distinguished service in the United States Army and achieved the gold oak-leaves of a Major. Certainly, this germ has infected all his later efforts—and it is rapidly becoming more virulent. Something ought to be done about it.

In "Reno," he turns his heavy artillery against the inconsistency of the various state divorce laws, and when he finally lifts his barrage, more than the target is shattered. Taking an entirely unreal and unconvincing story as the basis of his tirade, he uses it merely as a bandwagon for the conveyance of his own private ideas—and he drives far from the main avenue of approach.

The characters in "Reno" travel all through the statute books of every state that possesses an erratic divorce policy, and at the end of the picture, the spectator feels that he has been dragged bodily through law school.

This is all very instructive, perhaps, and its object is unquestionably worthy; but it is not good entertainment, because Major Hughes has allowed his passion for propaganda to overcome his natural dramatic instinct.

THERE is no reason why a writer should not attempt to advance his pet arguments on the stage or the screen. G. B. Shaw does it constantly, and with pretty consistent success. But the first requirement of any argument is that it shall be interesting.

"Reno," unfortunately, is excessively dull.

"The Humming Bird"

GLORIA SWANSON has undergone a strange, inexplicable metamorphosis. For many years—ever since her discovery by Cecil B. De Mille—she was known as a bizarre damsel with a diamond-backed rattlesnake coiffure, who wore costumes beyond the wildest nightmares of a Poiret or a Bakst, who slept in onyx beds and who took a great many baths in neo-Babylonian goldfish bowls.

Now she has cast all that aside, and is going in for acting. In "The Humming Bird," she affects the clothes of Jackie Coogan and the demeanor of Louise Fazenda. It is a great improvement over her old form.

"The Humming Bird" is a highly meritorious picture, and one that should go far in public approval. It was directed by Sidney Olcott, who has built its scenes with great intelligence and wise regard for the pictorial values. It reflects the Apache life on the celebrated slopes of Montmartre, with incidental tours through the war zone during the brave days of 1914-'18. And it is all splendidly done.

GLORIA SWANSON IN "THE HUMMING BIRD"

Scandal

AT fairly regular intervals, the sly talk of vice in Hollywood is revived. Just when things begin to settle down, and the newspapers start looking elsewhere for spicy news, there is a loud explosion in California, a dull and extremely sickening thud—and affairs return to Normandcy.

Thus the general misapprehension about Hollywood is spread. People who read the newspapers come to the conclusion that it is a positive den of iniquity, comparable to the historic boroughs of Sodom and Gomorrah; those who are fed by the fan magazines believe that it is a veritable orgy of home life, virtue and sanctity. Both viewpoints are fundamentally wrong.

The movie industry occupies approximately ten per cent. of the Hollywood population; naturally, it is with this minority that the interest of the public is most directly concerned. But the film colony is not composed entirely of high-priced stars and directors; there are plenty of extras, stage hands, mechanicians and camera-men who couldn't afford to be immoral even if they would.

Among a small and very select group of the stars there is plenty of high and fancy vice; but it is essentially a feeble imitation of the real thing. In Paris, vice is inspirational; in London, it is ultra-civilized; in New York, it is garish; in San Francisco, it is spontaneous. But in Hollywood, it is pitifully bogus.

DON'T judge Hollywood by the standard of the spectacular few. Their goings-on have been unduly elaborated in the columns of the yellow press, and are far from typical. The place isn't nearly so red as it is painted.

In fact, it would be an excellent idea to refrain from judging Hollywood at all. Moving pictures are vastly more important than moving picture people.

Leave them alone. Sooner or later, they'll learn.

Robert E. Sherwood.

THE SILENT DRAMA
Recent Developments

A Lady of Quality. *Universal*—Unusual pictorial beauty suspended on a rather thin plot, with Virginia Valli to keep the interest sustained.

Black Oxen. *First National*—Corinne Griffith and Conway Tearle in a heavy-footed story about a lady who had her glands lifted.

Three Miles Out. *Paramount*—Bootleggers, rum-smugglers, Federal officers and Madge Kennedy.

Boy of Mine. *First National*—A Tarkington story, with moments of great humor and sympathy, and occasional instances of over-acting.

The Great White Way. *Cosmopolitan*—An exposé of the fast and furious life within the moist boundaries of Manhattan.

West of the Water Tower. *Paramount*—Glenn Hunter and Ernest Torrence do what they can to breathe life into a lifeless Main Street story.

The Rendezvous. *Goldwyn*—Graphic, stirring Marshall Neilan melodrama with Siberian backgrounds.

Big Brother. *Paramount*—Mickey Bennett, who is Jackie Coogan's only rival, gives an amazing performance in this excellent picture of the lower East Side.

The Courtship of Myles Standish. *Associated Exhibitors*—A feeble attempt by Charles Ray to describe the heroism of the Pilgrim Fathers.

The Ten Commandments. *Paramount*—The spectacular result of a collaboration between Cecil B. De Mille and God.

Our Hospitality. *Metro*—Buster Keaton in a vastly comic comedy of chivalry and temperament in the old South.

Lucretia Lombard. *Warner*—A marvelous forest fire—but little else.

Anna Christie. *First National*—One of the genuinely fine things of the movies, which gives Blanche Sweet a chance to make a permanent name for herself.

The Virginian. *Preferred*—"When you call me that, *smile!*"—Bang, Bang! What's more, it's just as effective as ever.

The Day of Faith. *Goldwyn*—Pompous sermonizing, and to what end? You can ask us.

Under the Red Robe. *Cosmopolitan*—Another garish costume drama—expensive, over-dressed, gorgeous and rather dull.

Tiger Rose. *Warner*—Lenore Ulric twists her mouth all over the screen, and does it very nicely, too.

The Temple of Venus. *Fox*—Showing how the ancient Greek gods would have behaved had they been employed by William Fox. Don't miss it. You'll laugh your head off.

Long Live the King! *Metro*—Jackie Coogan substitutes royal raiment for his usual rags, and is just as delightful as ever.

Flaming Youth. *First National*—This cheaply sensational picture is aimed at the flapper, who died two years ago.

A Woman of Paris. *United Artists*—In which Charlie Chaplin teaches every director the rudiments of his business.

The Man from Brodney's. *Vitagraph*—A good Western in an Indian setting.

Wild Bill Hickok. *Paramount*—Bill Hart as ever was.

The Shepherd King. *Fox*—The official movies of the David-Goliath fight, mostly done in slow motion.

Ponjola. *First National*—The story of a man who goes to Africa and loses himself in drink and boredom.

The Hunchback of Notre Dame. *Universal*—Victor Hugo's novel is converted into a tremendous spectacle which includes everything but Victor Hugo's novel.

For Review Next Week—*"The Eternal City," "The Dramatic Life of Abraham Lincoln"* and *"The Heritage of the Desert."*

DANCING MAD
—*Passing Show* (*London*).

THE ESTEY PIPE ORGAN

THE GRAND and magnificent melodies which most of us associate with pipe organ music are only one phase of the many sided musical qualities which an Estey Pipe Organ makes available. Equally well does it render the simplest and most delicate themes. Indeed it plays extremely well any kind of music that a carefully trained orchestra can play.

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The Estey Organ Company
Brattleboro, Vermont

In Three Chapters

Outline of the history of a man's philosophical knowledge from early youth to old age:

1. I am wrong. 2. I am right. 3. I am wrong.—*American Mercury.*

One Vast Substantial Smile

"Is the life of an actress a healthy one?" asks a writer. We doubt it. On the musical comedy stage many ladies seem to suffer from a rush of teeth to the face.—*Punch.*

Mystery!

BOBBIE (*aged seven, helping cousin to dress doll*): What goes on next?

COUSIN: Well, really, Bobbie, I don't think I ought to tell you.—*Eve* (*London*).

OVERHEARD at Woolworth's: "Whaur's the piano depairrtment?"

—*London Daily News.*

BUSH HOSPITALITY

"I AIN'T TIDIED HUP YET, BUT IF YER LIKE TER STEP INSIDE I'LL MAKE YER A DROP O' TEA."

—*Bulletin* (*Sydney*).

Mother's Little Man

Little Jimmy, aged two years and three months, climbed on a chair and after a breathless moment of balancing just escaped a fall.

Seeing this, his mother reproached him tenderly. "Aha, Jimmy, aha!" she said. "Who just had a scare?"

"Mama did," replied Jimmy coldly.

—*L'Écho de Paris.*

The Invitation

"I am sending out cards for a children's party. What would you say?"

"Say?"

"I think R. S. V. P. sounds stilted for a kids' affair."

"I'd just say, 'Come clean.'"

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A Fair Guess

"Where do you suppose those scenario writers get their ideas?"

"Well, judging from the product, I should say they get them from each other."—*Boston Transcript.*

"HE was as nervous," we heard a girl say, "as a man trying to avoid tipping a waiter."—*New York Evening World.*

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Not for Public Reading

"CURFEW shall not ring to-night;"
And up the steeple stairs she flew
Until, within the belfry's height,
She did what you'd expect her to.

She seized upon the bell's cold tongue,
Three times the thickness of her wrist,
Then back and forth the maiden swung.
(Ask any elocutionist.)

But when, triumphant, down she came,
All in a daily-dozen glow,
She learned, to her chagrin and shame,
They'd rung the thing by radio.

A. H. F.

"ISN'T radio a wonderful thing?"
"Yes; my wife will listen to it!"

The Hotel
BERMUDIANA

A hotel of surpassing excellence. Built of steel and stone, fireproof throughout, and affording every modern advantage for the comfort and convenience of its guests.
The interior decorations are of rare beauty. All rooms are handsomely furnished, and afford charming views of islands, harbor or hills.
Splendid facilities for all outdoor sports, and for billiards, dancing, concerts, and entertainments.
For reservations, or booklet, address John O. Evans, Manager, Hamilton, Bermuda, or Furness Bermuda Line, Desk B, 34 Whitehall Street, New York.

Subway Serials

THE subways are overcrowded. It would be so much better if some of the crowd would ride at least part of the way uptown in the evening on local trains instead of expresses. We have worked out a plan to make them do it. Run a continued story in the *Subway Sun*. Give it heart interest. Work it up to a Gripping Climax. Thus:

"The pounding at the door grew more insistent. Her heart told her to let him in. Her conscience forbade it. She had a vision of what he would look like if she did let him in—tall, black-haired, smiling, his great desire shining in his eyes....She moved towards the door.

"Next installment in our uptown local trains. Change at 96th St."

IT'S a rare movie actor who will give the double his due.

A NEW ROGERS GROUP

Carrying Cigarettes to New York

Carrying cigarettes to New York seems much like "carrying coals to Newcastle"—since there are 19,000 places in our national metropolis where cigarettes may be bought.

Yet, in our mail, some weeks ago, we found an order for a carton of Reedsdale Cigarettes from a New York gentleman who, incidentally, is vice-president of a $35,000,000 corporation.

Evidently something said in our advertising appealed to this New Yorker as promising a cigarette likely to suit him better than any of the numerous brands already on sale in his home town.

The carton of Reedsdales was duly forwarded to him, and then, a short time afterward, there came from him a repeat order, this one for five cartons—a thousand cigarettes.

That carried the laurel from the advertising and placed it squarely on the Reedsdale Cigarette itself—whereat we felt a certain thrill of pride, pardonable or otherwise.

The Reedsdale is a cigarette that we intend for just such discriminating and sophisticated smokers. In other words, it is a cigarette that we, as makers, take seriously enough to make it a satisfactory cigarette for smokers who take their tobacco with some seriousness.

Not only do we think enough of the Reedsdale to make it "with loving care," using the finer tobaccos expertly blended, but, in order that each cigarette shall reach the smoker's lips in prime condition, we have secured a new and improved package that preserves both the form and the aroma of Reedsdales from the first to the twentieth cigarette.

Reedsdale Cigarettes are 20c for a package of twenty. They are now sold by many tobacco dealers, and their distribution is being rapidly extended.

If you have any difficulty in finding them, we will send you a carton of 5 packages of Reedsdale Cigarettes (100 cigarettes) postpaid for a dollar. Smoke one package at our risk. If you don't like them we will return your dollar for the four remaining packages. Address Reed Tobacco Co., 108 South 21st St., Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Reedsdale Cigarettes, Reed Tobacco Company, Richmond, Va., will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a carton containing one hundred or two hundred Reedsdale Cigarettes for the same price you would pay the jobber.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

The Shy Vitamine

It is a shock to me to hear
That nobody has ever seen
The thing that science holds so dear
And calls a vitamine.

Strange that each weird and curious pet
That science nurses in her arms,
However curious we may get,
Will not display its charms.

Themselves unto themselves they keep,
These darlings of the learned mind;
Even a weasel wrapt in sleep
Is not a rarer find.

The atom is extremely shy,
The giddy young electron, too,
Although we know the how and why
Of everything they do.

And though when vitamines we eat
We know they buck us up no end,
Alas! we never chance to meet
Each coy, retiring friend.

Despite materialistic bands
Which hold some savant minds in thrall,
Science, it seems to me, demands
The greatest faith of all.

—*C. E. B., in London Evening News.*

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Recalling the Season

AUNT MARTHA (*to cabman, the night before Christmas*): Can't find it? I don't believe you know where the house is—and I believe you've been drinking!

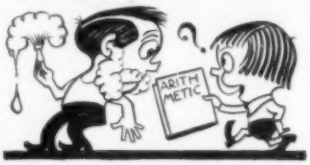
VILLAGE SOAKER: Oh, mum! 'Ow could you say such a thing! An' on Christmus Eve, too!—*Humorist.*

"CALIFORNIA'S mountains are beginning to move." The faith of the real estate men may be doing it.

—*Toledo Blade.*

BARBARA (*to father reading newspaper*): Well, has anyone been born that we know?—*Pearson's Magazine.*

"ORDER WHAT YOU WANT, MONINA."
"YOU DIDN'T SAY THAT THIS AFTERNOON IN THE JEWELER'S."
—*Social (Havana).*



father what do they mean when they say rabbits multiply fastest father must have got some lather in his mouth because he coughed before replying wallace he said some day you'll shave and then you'll know that hairs multiply fastest

Williams
Shaving Cream
Tames the most stubborn hairs

Time to Re-tire?
Buy
FISK

Sure Relief

6 BELL-ANS
Hot water
Sure Relief

BELL-ANS
FOR INDIGESTION
25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

Foreign Enfanglements

It is a good thing the world has a large assortment of nations; otherwise Society would run short of countries to get crazy about.

For example, we are now in the throes of the Decline and Flop of the Russian Furore. The wooden soldiers which conquered America are doomed to a Moscow retreat. Katinka is on the toboggan. The ticket speculators have left Chekhov flat.

It was a picturesque hullabaloo while it lasted; but it has had its day.

Now China is "in." The Celestial realm worried along thousands of years in its humble way, ignored by the Best People. Then suddenly Mah Jong gave it entrée to the Upper Circles. To-day the merest green dragon is lionized.

So China has been accepted and made much of at gala affairs. But how long will this popularity last? We have a notion that the era is not far distant when any one going to a costume ball in Chinese robes will be looked on as a Wallflower Out of Season.

Wise people will not allow their affections to be alienated irreparably. The safe plan is to keep one eye on the geography book and try to be posted as to what country will be in vogue next. While punging and chowing with all graciousness, bear in mind that a year from now you may be Swiss-yodeling or Dutch-klumping or doing something Siamese. *L. M.*

Everyday Types

The Headwaiter

He can spot a piker at a glance, and seats him accordingly. On the other hand, he plays a "good thing" for all it's worth.

In one and the same breath he murmurs a saccharine welcome to the wealthy widow from the West, and bestows upon Franz, the bus boy, his everlasting curse. He is most solicitous during the settlement of the check.

He is always full of suggestions, and knows just the thing that would tickle the palate of him with the bulging wallet. It is invariably something rare and elaborate, something highly "special," and never is it, by any chance, plain roast beef, or scrambled eggs.

A perpetual massage of the hands and a shrug of the shoulders are his favorite gestures. His ability to fail even to observe certain impecunious patrons is most effective.

One day he will open an establishment of his own, he informs you in a whisper. And he will always make a particular point of looking out for you.

"Oh, thank you very much, sir."

Act Quick!

Amateur will exchange his set for the privilege of listening to a radio concert.

The soft modern food that tastes so delicious does not give to the gums the stimulation that rougher, coarser food once gave.

Hasty eating reduces the mechanical stimulation which food gives to the gums. Hasty eating is an enemy; proper mastication is a friend.

Soft foods and hasty eating are weakening gums and ruining teeth

THE GREATEST DANGERS with which teeth are threatened today are the dangers which follow in the train of a weakened gum structure. The records of the clinics and the daily experience of the dental profession show an alarming increase in tooth troubles which have their source in the *gingiva* (the gum structure) of the human mouth.

How soft foods cause the toothbrush to "show pink"

And the causes of this condition are not difficult to discover. Undoubtedly, the greater nervous tension under which we live, and lack of exercise, are contributing factors, but the source of most tooth troubles today is the modern diet.

Rough, coarse foods once gave work to the teeth and stimulation to the gums; but the soft, creamy products of modern cookery—in nine cases out of ten all too hastily eaten—do neither. As a result, gums get little or no exercise. They become congested, soft and flabby; and pyorrhea, infected roots, diseased sockets and gingivitis are just the normal effects from the given causes.

How Ipana helps soft gums become healthy

Ipana is a tooth paste comparatively new. Yet in the short time it has been before the profession, thousands of dentists have written us that they have adopted it in their practice and prescribe it to patients, especially when those patients show signs of congested, soft or bleeding gums.

In stubborn cases they prescribe a gum massage with Ipana *after* the regular cleaning with Ipana and the brush, thus helping to restore the circulation, to relieve the congestion, and to provide the gums with that exercise they need so badly.

For in strengthening soft gums and in healing bleeding gums, Ipana has a very specific virtue. It contains ziratol, a positive antiseptic, and a preparation with a recognized hemostatic value. Dentists throughout the country use it after extraction to allay the bleeding of the wound and to heal infected tissue.

Send for a trial tube of Ipana Tooth Paste

You can judge from the generous sample tube, not only the healing effect of Ipana, not only its fine free-from-grit consistency, not only its remarkable cleaning power, but you can judge, too, its fine flavor and clean taste. For Ipana is a perfect proof that a tooth paste need not have an unpleasant taste in order to be a beneficial agent.

A trial tube, enough to last you for ten days, will be sent gladly if you will forward coupon below.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
73 Rector St., New York, N.Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA **TOOTH PASTE** without charge or obligation on my part.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

VAN FAME
A medium-height Van Heusen for business and evening wear

THE smart Van Heusen has no sharp points or cutting edges to mangle shirts and frazzle ties. Being woven of special multi-ply fabric, it returns from the laundry after many months of wear, crisp and smooth as ever. That is why it is the world's most *economical* collar.

12 VAN HEUSEN STYLES 50c

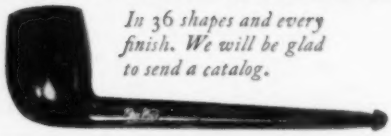
VAN HEUSEN
the World's Smartest COLLAR

Ask your dealer for Van Craft, a new negligee shirt with the Van Heusen Collar attached.

PHILLIPS-JONES CORPORATION
1225 Broadway New York

SOMEHOW or other, a Ben Wade pipe belongs—whether you're in the soft glow of your library, or swinging through the woods, or tramping the links, or dodging the spray as she keels over in a spanking off-shore wind. Sweet, mellow and fragrant as never a pipe has been before.

BEN WADE PIPES



In 36 shapes and every finish. We will be glad to send a catalog.

CHURCHILL DOWNS
famous cigarettes. Gold, plain or silver ends. Black, brown, or white paper. Delicious and distinctive.

Inscribed with correct Mah Jongg symbols. Finest Macedonian tobacco.
MAH JONGG CIGARETTES

Distributors: HARGRAFT & SONS · 336 North Michigan Ave. · Chicago
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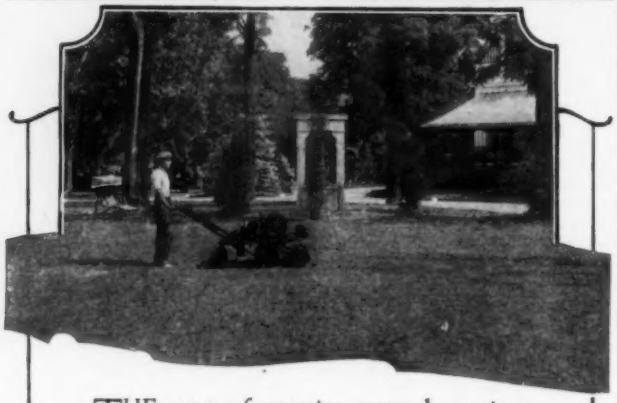
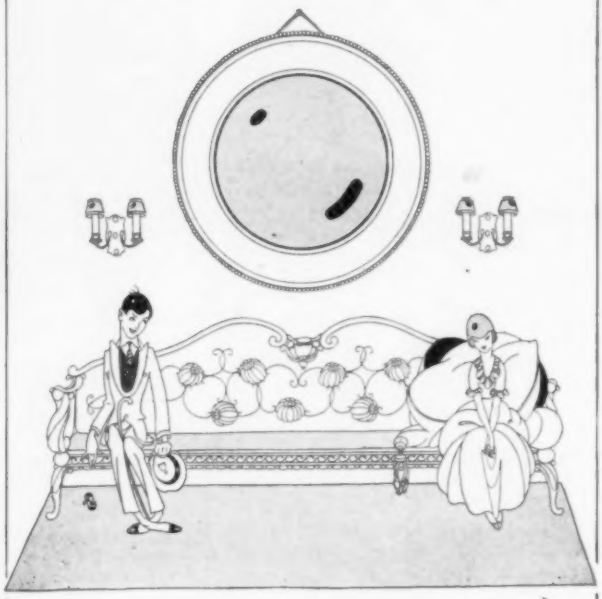


THE cost of mowing your lawn just once by hand will pay for four or five mowings with an Ideal Power Mower. The labor saved in a season frequently pays for the Ideal.

The Ideal rolls as it cuts, producing a carpet-like lawn that hand mowers cannot duplicate. It can be operated by an inexperienced man, is sturdy and will last for years with ordinary care. One of our three models will exactly meet your requirements. Write for literature.

Ideal Power Lawn Mower Co.
R. E. Olds, Chairman
401 Kalamazoo Street Lansing, Michigan
New York, 13-19 Hudson St. Chicago, 11 E. Harrison St.
Dealers in all Principal Cities (75)

IDEAL
Power Lawn Mowers



Pup (disgustedly): WHAT GETS MY GOAT, WAGGLES, IS NOT SO MUCH THE FACT THAT THEY'RE MAKING IDIOTIC FOOLS OF THEMSELVES, AS THAT THIS FATUOUS EXHIBITION IS CALLED "PUPPY LOVE!"

We Stress This

THE Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Words is appealing for aid in its campaign to help weary words. An investigation of the vocabularies of the nation reveals appalling conditions, many of our best little words being on the verge of exhaustion.

Among many shocking cases of overwork are cited those of the following:

Thrill,	Else,
Moron,	Complex,
Background,	Belong,
Stressed,	Sensed,
Vital.	

All of these are now toiling twenty-four hours a day, and unless something is done soon to relieve them they will face the piteous fate of Flapper, Jazz, Sheik, He-man, Bananas and Main Street. Any one properly backgrounded, who really belongs, must sense the thrill attendant upon participation in this vital work, else he be a moron with a cruelty complex. *A. N. M.*

Not Like Aphrodite

DOROTHY: Everybody says I look like you.

MOTHER: Well, dear, does it please you?

"I suppose so, but I don't think I showed much originality!"

Bright EYES Are An Asset

Clear, sparkling EYES are an aid to success, both in business and society. Keep your EYES constantly bright and alert through the daily use of *Murine*. This harmless lotion instantly imparts new life to dull, heavy EYES.

Write Murine Company, Dept. 67, Chicago, for FREE Eye Care Book

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

ROUGH, CHAPPED SKIN
healed almost overnight by massaging with gentle, antiseptic
Mentholatum
Write for free sample
Mentholatum Co., Buffalo, N.Y., Wichita, Kans.

Radio

I AM illusive Echo, man enslaved,
Imposed on me his ways, and god-like will;
Then, in the cage his genius built for me,
He taught me music, all the oral arts,
And bade me take their voice upon my breath,
Then gave me wings and wider liberty,
Till, guided through the straight lanes of the air,
I reach all places on the spinning sphere,
To my own joy, and his, and all the host...
Who knows?... perhaps some day the Heavenly One!

T. G. S.

Not Quite

"Is he a radio bug?"

"I wouldn't call him a bug. He's kept his last set a month."

"BUT WHY ARE YOU LEAVING, BRIDGET?" "OI HEARD YE TELLIN' YER HUSBIND YE WAS GOIN' TO TREAT ME LOIKE WAN IV YER OWN RELATIONS."

Kind words from a smoker in far Australia

A more modest manufacturer might not print this letter.

Nevertheless, when an enthusiastic pipe-smoker thousands of miles away takes his pen in hand to say something nice about Edgeworth, a breach of modesty on the manufacturer's part should be forgiven.

"Chetwynd," Copeland Road,
Beecroft, New South Wales,
Australia

Larus & Brother Co.,
Richmond, Virginia, U. S. A.

Gentlemen:

Perhaps you are somewhat surprised to receive this letter from Australia, often referred to in England, our Mother Country, as "Down Under."

I have noticed in some of your American magazines that I subscribe to, testimony in praise of your splendid tobacco. It has occurred to me that, as one of the many smokers of the Edgeworth in this Southern Continent of Australia, I can also add my testimony and appreciation of your world-wide-known and excellent tobacco.

It must be over twenty years since I first tried your "Edgeworth Extra High Grade Plug Slice."

My tobacconist, one of the leading tobacconists of Sydney, had a trial consignment of the Edgeworth to test the taste of his customers.

Just at that time I was smoking several kinds of high-grade imported tobaccos, but somehow I could not get any of them that exactly pleased my taste. Some brands were excellent for a while, and then deteriorated.

But from the first purchase of your Edgeworth I have found it absolutely of the one uniform standard, without any change during the whole twenty-odd years I have been smoking it. I have been so satisfied with it that I have never purchased any other make.

I have induced a great number of my friends and fellow officers to try Edgeworth, and most of them have the same high opinion of it that I have.

My wish is that your company may prosper and continue to manufacture the renowned Edgeworth, and that I and my fellow smokers of this "Fair Australia" may be spared to a good, ripe old age to enjoy your fragrant weed.

Your sincerely,
(Signed) Thos. Skellett

For free samples of Edgeworth—generous helpings of both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed—send a postcard with your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 63 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

If you will also include the name and address of your regular "tobacconist," your courtesy will be appreciated.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

Have a Heart

BUTLER (GEN. SMEDLEY), austere and deadly,
Cleaning up "Philly" in Devil-dog style;
Gosh! how he's scourging, scrubbing and purging
(Drawing a cool fifteen thousand the while).

Take our tobacco, ironhand Draco,
Chase out each bootlegger, punish each cop;
Prove how you handle corruption and scandal;
(Will this millennium last when you stop?)

Urban iniquity, moral obliquity
Can't be stamped out overnight, Old Marine;
Don't be so serious, your antics weary us:
Bluff us a bit (if you get what I mean).

Were it not subtler, exigent Butler,
Mayhap to be just a whit less severe?
Hard-boiled inquisitor, you're just a visitor—
After your job is done, *you* won't live here!

D. C.

What's the Answer?

IN the Land of Shadows the late unlamented World War sat soliloquizing. "They called me various names," muttered the grim, gigantic wraith gloomily. "I was 'the War to End War,' 'the Last Crusade,' 'the Birth of a New Era,' 'the Full Price for Permanent Peace,' 'the End of the Road to the Millennium.' I was to make the world safe for democracy, render disarmament inevitable, throw autocrats into the discard, bring freedom to submerged peoples, turn science from the making of new weapons wholly to the prevention of ancient ills. I was the last great sacrifice the human race was to offer upon the altar of old tyrannies. I was the blood-stained, death-dealing prelude to universal and eternal peace. I was Armageddon, foretold ages ago by the prophets, from which were to spring the glories of an earth made a paradise through man's love for his fellow man. I was the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace that should raise to the stature of archangels a race which had been theretofore nothing but pugnacious pygmies, periodically addicted to wholesale slaughter. But what was I, in reality?"

E. S. V. Z.

To the committee which is investigating his son's financial activities, General Wood has said, "Hew to the line—let the chips fall where they may." Even if they happen to be chips off the old block.

Exercises for beauty!

Exercises created especially for women by Elizabeth Arden, specialist in feminine good looks! Exercises to keep you young and lovely, or to make you younger and lovelier! Scientific movements to keep the whole body tuned for perfect health, easy control and poise, and a clear lovely skin. The Elizabeth Arden Exercises for Health and Beauty normalize the weight, correct depression and nervousness, eliminate poisons, make the body glad!

—3 double-faced disc records—spirited music, clear commands—simple directions and photographs on portfolio—Elizabeth Arden's diet form and weight and measurement chart with each set—and a questionnaire to fill out and mail to Elizabeth Arden, in order to receive her personal suggestions in the use of the exercises for your specific needs.

$12 a set

Write for booklet about the records. Elizabeth Arden will also send "The Quest of the Beautiful," her book on correct care of the skin, on request.

Elizabeth Arden

673-A Fifth Avenue, New York
London, 25 Old Bond Street
Paris, 2 rue de la Paix

(Records also on sale at Lord & Taylor)

WHITING-ADAMS BRUSHES

Look Out for Old Man Decay

Keep your house well painted and he can't hurt it. You'll buy good paint of course, but to apply it permanently and attractively you must use Good *Bristle Brushes*. *Whiting-Adams Brushes* are the best.

Send for Illustrated Literature

JOHN L. WHITING-J. J. ADAMS CO.
Boston, U. S. A.

Brush Manufacturers for Over 114 Years and the Largest in the World

94

They all say

GLOVER'S

does the Business

Wherever you go you hear men and women say "There's nothing like Glover's for Dandruff and falling hair. It surely does the business."

For 36 years Glover's has been making friends by the thousands, all over the world. If you are a dandruff sufferer, if your hair is falling out, ask for Glover's Imperial Mange Medicine at any good drug store and use exactly as directed.

Write for Free Booklet "Treatise on the Hair and Scalp," by H. Clay Glover, originator of the Glover Medicines.

Made only by the
H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc. (Dept. A-2)
127-29 West 24th Street New York City

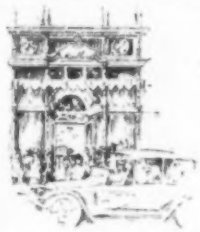
There is no need for frequent repurchasing of lawn mowers.

Pennsylvania Quality Mowers in the last 50 years have proved conclusively that there is an astonishingly long life of service in a scientifically designed and well made lawn mower.

These mowers, either operated by tractor, drawn by horse or pushed by hand, have records of continuous service on golf courses, parks and large estates that establish their exceptional economy. Exclusive features, selected materials and careful workmanship give assurance of the satisfactory service of all Pennsylvania Quality Lawn Mowers.

Let us send you the Pennsylvania Trio Book

PENNSYLVANIA LAWN MOWER WORKS
1625 North 23rd Street, Philadelphia



Madison Avenue
at 47th Street
Phone Vanderbilt 6933

MEN'S
LUNCHEON SERVICE
47th St. Entrance

Maillard
NEW YORK
CONFECTIONS

LUNCHEON
AFTERNOON TEA

Fifth Avenue
at 35th Street
Phone Fitzroy 3232

Pain
Stop it quickly with Absorbine, Jr.

After a sprain from an unfortunate spill or when cold weather brings on rheumatic twinges, pain need not be a lingering visitor.

Absorbine, Jr. in its never-empty place in medicine cabinets, in club lockers and in traveling bags, is always the first aid thought of those who are well prepared for emergencies.

Comforting, soothing, cleansing and healing, Absorbine, Jr. quickly allays pain, reduces soreness, inflammation and swellings and guards against infection. Its dual use as a liniment and antiseptic often accomplishes seemingly marvelous results.

Its clean, agreeable odor and its safe use where children are concerned, are indicative of the pure and reliable ingredients used in Absorbine, Jr.

Other Timely Uses:

Cuts	Sore throat
Strains	Rheumatic
Sprains	aches and
Bruises	pains
Chapped	Children's
hands	hurts
and lips	Stiffness

At most druggists', $1.25, or postpaid. Liberal trial bottle, 10 cents postpaid.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
362 Lyman St.
Springfield, Mass.

cleansing soothing **Absorbine Jr.** THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT *healing*

A common-sense evidence—on quality footwear—that the shoes are made for the wearer's convenience—*Shoe Lacing Hooks.*

Your retailer can sell you shoes with lacing hooks.

Insist on having what you want!

Unhealthy gums denoted by tenderness and bleeding

UNHEALTHY soil kills the best of wheat. Unhealthy gums kill the best of teeth. To keep the teeth sound keep the gums well. Watch for tender and bleeding gums. This is a symptom of Pyorrhea which afflicts *four out of five* people over forty.

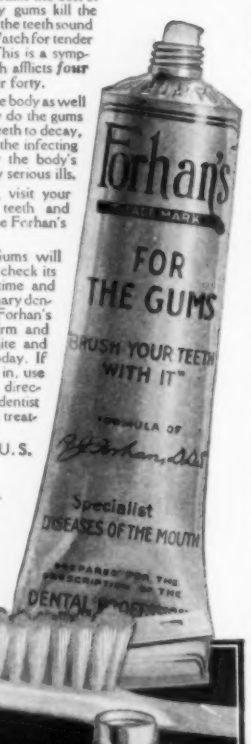
Pyorrhea menaces the body as well as the teeth. Not only do the gums recede and cause the teeth to decay, loosen and fall out, but the infecting Pyorrhea germs lower the body's vitality and cause many serious ills.

To avoid Pyorrhea, visit your dentist frequently for teeth and gum inspection. And use Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's will keep the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean. Start using it today. If gum shrinkage has set in, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in U. S. and Canada.

Formula of
R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
FORHAN CO.
New York
Forhan's, Ltd.
Montreal



Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

Musical

Novelty Instruments

Not toys—but high-grade practical instruments for Symphony or Jazz orchestras. Great for solo work at Club, Lodge or Legion gatherings or home entertainments. Anyone can play with a few simple lessons, furnished with each instrument.

Musical Pitch Fork — Glassaphone — Jazz-O-Nette
Mando-Zi Harp — Musical Saw — Hohner Sax

Free Trial Try any of these instruments for 15 days. If not satisfied, if you can't learn to play it quickly and easily, return at our expense. Remarkably low prices. **Easy Time Payments.** Send today for new, illustrated catalog describing complete line.

MUSSEHL & WESTPHAL
488 S. Water Street — Ft. Atkinson, Wis.

Relief for coughs

Use PISO'S—this prescription quickly relieves children and adults. A pleasant syrup. No opiates.

35¢ and 60¢ sizes sold everywhere

Sanctuary

LONG search for a career that would not mean quarrels and strife—for his was an over-shy nature—brought Edgar Ransome at last to the purchase of a publishing house which printed nothing but children's tales and nursery rhymes.

"Now," said he to himself, "I can be happy and peaceful. The world cannot quarrel with anything in this."

"There's just a little unfinished business here," his predecessor told him, when the deal was completed. "Protests from nuts all over the country, but we have to do something about them."

"What are they?" Edgar inquired, in quavering tones.

"Here's one from a Sunday school superintendents' conference objecting to the story of the ugly duckling. They say it's an indecent reflection on the mother duck," the outgoing publisher replied.

"And here's a set of resolutions from the Stepdaughters of the Siwash asking us to eliminate 'Fee! Fie! Foe! Fum!' from the story of 'Jack the Giant Killer.' They claim it borders on profanity.

"The West Harmony Undertakers' Association wants us to stop printing 'Babes in the Wood.' They object to it on the ground that it contains an inferential slight on their profession," he continued.

"Then there's the Ideal Clothing Merchants, Inc. They ask to have 'Baa! Baa! Black Sheep!' discontinued on the general theory that the less said about wool the better."

"Just a moment," Edgar interrupted. "Are there many like that?"

"Hundreds," said the departing one. "They come in every mail."

After a moment's pause Edgar spoke again, hesitatingly.

"Would you," he inquired, "would you reconsider our deal?"

"Not on your life," the seller assured him heartily. "I'm glad to get out. Now I'll be able to have some peace once in a while."

J. K. M.

How to Get Warm

SELL fire insurance. Value a man's store at twice what it is worth. Sleep over store until warm.

* * *

Smoke a cigarette in bed. Doze off and leave cigarette alight. It keeps the home fires burning.

* * *

Enter phone booth. Give central wrong number. She may get you right one. Laugh until warm.

* * *

Pay all your bills at once. Make a huge bonfire with the check stubs. Even the neighbors can get warm.

* * *

Throw rocks at a policeman. He will make things hot for you.

T. S.

Aspirin

Beware of Imitations!

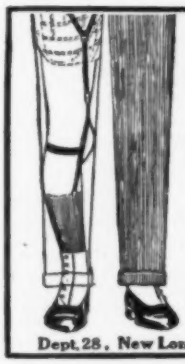
BAYER

Demand

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians over twenty-three years for

Colds	Headache
Toothache	Lumbago
Neuritis	Rheumatism
Neuralgia	Pain, Pain

Accept "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" only. Each unbroken package contains proven directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.



NEW GARTER FOR CROOKED LEGS
(Patented)
MAKES TROUSERS HANG STRAIGHT
If Legs Bend In or Out
Self-adjustable
It holds
Socks Up—Shirt Down
Not a "Form" or "Harness"
No Metal Springs
Free Circular
Plain, sealed envelope
THE T. GARTER CO.
Dept. 28, New London, New Hampshire

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

WYNKOOP HALLENBECK CRAWFORD COMPANY, NEW YORK

4 Men in 7 Bald at 40

yet 91% needlessly

Science discovers falling hair most always due to simple infection (Sebum). Now usually overcomes it.

Written Guarantee to grow hair this new way—or money refunded

This is to offer you, under money-back guarantee, the new Van Ess treatment, which, under actual test, grew hair on 91 heads in 100.

Now high authorities say baldness soon may be a rarity. For hair roots seldom die in early stages. And this method revives them. Test it yourself at our risk.

Hair Roots Rarely Die

Records show 4 men in 7 are bald, or partially bald, at 40. Modern science proves this to be unnecessary. Proves only about 9 men in 100 need ever be bald! Baldness is not a disease. Note this fact and mark it. It is merely a symptom of infection—of an infectious scalp oil, known as Sebum.

Remove this infected Sebum and hair will almost always grow. The hair roots are generally alive. This is true in about 90% of all cases of falling hair or baldness.

This new method reaches the roots. It makes hair grow. But the public has often been deceived. So we guarantee it. You take no chance of loss.

New Hair or No Money

We make our guarantee without reservation—without strings. It is absolute. We guarantee to stop falling hair. We guarantee to grow new hair in 90 days. Sometimes much sooner. But usually this treatment requires about 3 bottles of Van Ess. If we fail, your money back without question.

Note that your own druggist signs the guarantee with each 3-bottle purchase. Thus you assume no risk. It is safe for us to guarantee the treatment. For experiments of years prove it effective on 91 heads in 100. Foremost authorities approve it. World noted dermatologists now employ it—some charge as much as $300.00 for the same basic treatment. We offer it, in correct form for home use, at the price of an ordinary "tonic."

The Infected Sebum

About 90% of all hair troubles are traced to infected Sebum. It is an oil that forms at the roots of the hair. Its natural function is to supply the hair with oil. But it cakes on the scalp. It forms a breeding place for bacteria. It clings to hair and destroys it. It lodges in hair follicles and plugs them. Then germs by the millions start to feed upon the hair. Semi-baldness soon is marked. Then comes total baldness. You can see this Sebum on your scalp, in the form of an oily excretion. Or, when dried, as dandruff. But it does not kill the roots. Hence when you remove it, new hair grows. This is scientific fact—medical authorities will tell you so. You must remove the infected Sebum.

Now We Remove It

For years, science experimented to combat infected Sebum. Finally a 90% effective treatment was found.

Now we have embodied it in a home treatment. It is called Van Ess Liquid Scalp Massage.

It is applied a new way—a scientific way. (Note illustration at right.) It penetrates to the follicles of the hair. It combats the Sebum and removes it. Results are marked. They are quick. It stops falling hair. It grows new hair.

We urge you to try this new way. We know the statements we make are amazing—almost incredible. But remember, we back them with an absolute guarantee. There is a guarantee in the top of each package. Read it first before you buy. Note its fairness. Note that we let you be the judge.

Then note the results yourself. Mark the healthy condition of your scalp—the freedom from dandruff. Look in your mirror—see for yourself.

Go today to any druggist. Obtain the Van Ess 3-bottle treatment. Or by mail—if your dealer cannot supply you. $1.50 for a single bottle—or $4.50 for 3 bottles with which we send you a written money-back guarantee. Send no money, we will supply by parcel post, collect. Orders from outside U.S.A. must be accompanied by postal money order.

Use the Coupon

If your usual department store or druggist cannot supply you with the new Van Ess Treatment use coupon below. Enclose no money—we will send the treatment parcel post, collect. Or, if you prefer, enclose check or cash.

Note This New Way

—It Massages the Treatment Directly to the Follicles of the Hair

You can see from the illustration that Van Ess is not a "tonic," it combines a massage and lotion. You do not rub it in with your fingers. Each package comes with a rubber massage cap. The nipples are hollow. Just invert bottle, rub your head, and nipples automatically feed lotion down into follicles of the scalp. It is very easy to apply. One minute each day is enough.

VAN ESS LABORATORIES, INC.
85 East Kinzie Street, Chicago, Ill.

VAN ESS
Liquid Scalp Massage

VAN ESS LABORATORIES
85 E. Kinzie Street
Chicago, Ill.

Please send.....bottles Van Ess Liquid Scalp Massage, parcel post. I enclose no money, but agree to pay the postman when he calls.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Holeproof Hosiery

STOCKINGS selected for beauty need not disappoint in their wearing qualities—not if you will ask for Holeproof. For in this famous hosiery, sheer, lustrous appearance is united with a fine-spun, woven-in strength that withstands long wear and repeated launderings. Moderate prices put Holeproof Hose within the reach of all, both for dress and every-day wear.

Holeproof Hosiery is offered in a wide variety of styles in Silk, Wool, Silk and Wool, Silk Faced, and Lusterized Lisle for men, women and children

Sold only in retail stores. If not obtainable locally, write for price list and illustrated booklet.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Limited, London, Ontario

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